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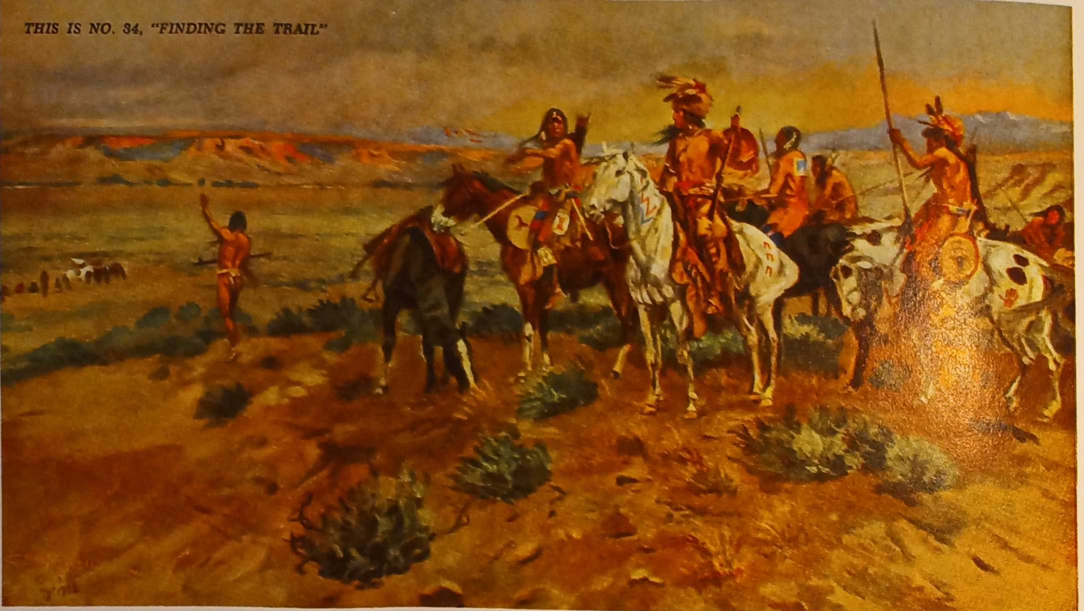

THIS IS NO. 34, "FINDING THE TRAIL"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x9½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—In Without Knocking, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Meat's Not Meat Till It's in the Pan, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Strenuous Life, 14x9½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 9x12
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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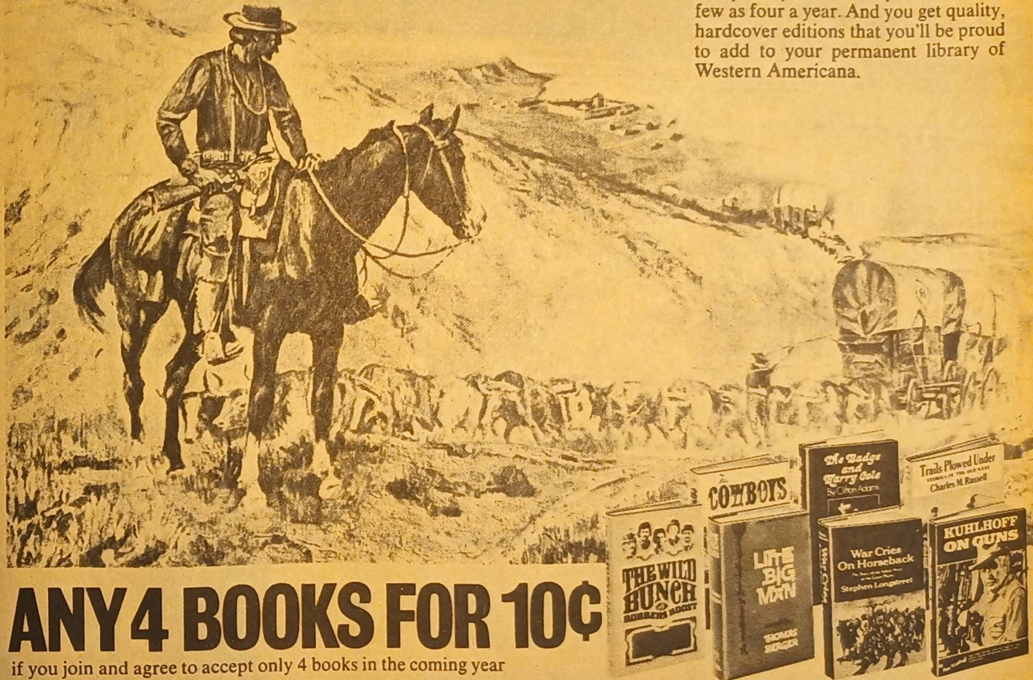

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OLD WEST

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WINTER, 1972 VOL. 9, NO. 2 WHOLE NO. 34

MISSOURI STEAMBOAT'S TREASURE

By K. D. CURTIS

BEGINS on PAGE 16!

Also, In This Issue

LETTER RIP! 4
TRAILS GROWN DIM 6
A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE .... *Robert Dezell* 8
MISSOURI STEAMBOAT'S TREASURE ..... *K. D. Curtis* 16
DISAPPOINTMENT ISLAND .... *Charles Kelly* 19
MONUMENT FOR A SHERIFF .... *Brad A. Prowse* 20
GOLD-DUST AND SHOTGUN LIZ .... *Bill Sallee* 22
TYRANNICAL COLONEL OBENCHAIN .. *Dana Cox Funk* 24
FINN HAD HIS OWN SPECIAL TOUCH! .. *Rufus L. Porter* 26
THE DEVIL NEVER SLEEPS .... *Monk Lofton* 30
JOE DE YONG, "ARTIST FROM A TO Z" *Robert L. Cotton* 32
WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP 36
THE GREAT WESTERN .... *Flora Hicks* 38
DO YOU KNOW THESE FOLKS? .... *Robert Maxton* 42
HOMESTEADING A WATERHOLE .... *Sallie Dayton* 48
TUMBLEWEEDS .... *Tom K. Ryan* 72

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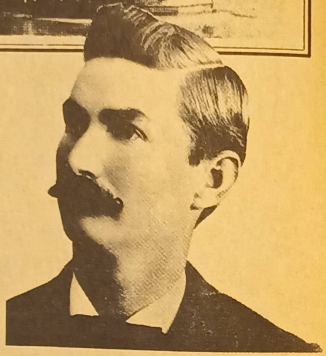

Sheriff Douglass chased death—and found it!
See page 20

Attorney J. Maurice Finn knew how to win a case!
See page 26

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LETTER RIP!

Reader Knew Drannan

I have just finished reading in the Spring issue of OLD WEST, the article about Will Drannan entitled "Frontier Legend."

This account was of very special interest to me as I knew Captain Drannan as well as a boy of eleven could know anyone of the Captain's age at that time. To explain, I will mention that my parents and I were in Mineral Wells, Texas for the better part of two months for my father's health. This was during the latter part of June through July 1911. The two principal mineral wells were the Crazy and the Carlsbad, which were directly across the street (actually little more than an alley) from each other.

Captain Drannan had a chair near the door of the Carlsbad pavilion where he sat, with his books, one of which I heckled my father into buying for me and you may well be assured that I read that book, I believe at least three times.

William F. Drannan

I recall especially that the Captain was a very patient and understanding person, which he had to have been to talk to and answer the countless questions that an eleven-year-old boy could ask.

He told me countless tales of his experiences as a scout, two of which were recounted in his book; one was his encounter with three Indians, Modocs I believe, in which he dispatched all of them and told how unhappy Kit Carson was with him for endangering himself. The other was of the duel between Carson and Shewman (Shumar or Shuman—according to different writers). I, of course, accepted them as truth until I read the story by Mr. Bate.

I do respect the memory of Will Drannan and I am of the opinion that a part of his writings were the result of an over-wrought imagination, rather than deliberate falsehoods. Regardless of what the reasons might have been, I have a fond recollection and a great admiration for a very kind and gracious gentleman, a friend to a young boy—my friend Captain Will Drannan. I am now seventy-three years old. My respects to you and thanks for three great magazines.—Claude B. Gorham, 813 Ogden, Las Vegas, Nevada 89101

Yesterday I received a letter from my brother in Seattle reading in part: "When you were visiting me last summer, we discussed our boyhood hero, William F. Drannan, and we were wondering why in all the reading of the Old West we have done in the past fifty-five years or so, we've never seen his name mentioned in anything except his book, *Thirty-One Years on the Plains and in the Mountains*. The enclosed copy of OLD WEST, Spring 1972 tells you why."

I first started reading Drannan's book when I was about seven and read and reread it, I don't know how many times in the years that followed; and I always enjoyed it. My dad, an old pioneer, plainsman and mountain man, was the first to throw doubt on the book when he toted up the number of Indians killed in a battle and found that there were a lot more killed than were present at the start of the battle. As a result of reading Drannan's book I developed an insatiable appetite for every book I could lay my hands on about the American Indians, and the old frontiersmen; especially anything about Kit Carson, Bridger and others mentioned in the book, but never found Drannan's name mentioned. Last summer, when I was home on leave in the States, I drove to Lake Tule and spent several hours going through the Modoc Caves battleground. At the ranger station I bought a history of the Modoc War and thought, "Now here's where I get the final proof that Drannan's book is authentic." No mention of the man.

As was Mr. Bate, I was angry at first, but after reading the review in your magazine and thinking back about all the pleasure I and the neighbor kids had as a result of Drannan's book—we all had stick horses named "Croppy," "Pinto," and "Black Bess"—and the fact that the book opened up the early history of the West and its heroes, created a desire in me to know more about them, and instilled a love for the land and its wildlife which I still have. I'm glad he wrote the book, both the fiction and truth of his own experiences it must contain. I've been trying for years to get another copy, and I'm going to try still harder from now on, as I want my young son to read and enjoy it as I have, but I'll tell him the truth about the book and hope that it will create in him the same thirst for the history of the winning of the West.—W. J. Young, Virginia Port Authority, Suite 763, Hotel New Japan, Tokyo 100, Japan

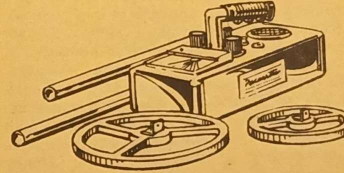
In 1906 I bought a small paperback book in a store in Duluth, Minnesota. If I remember right, it was just titled "William Drannan." In it Drannan claimed he never had any schooling in his life, but that Kit Carson, whom he met in a restaurant or boarding house in St. Louis at age 15, grubstaked him and a former college student age 21 years.

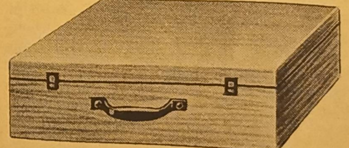
Drannan claimed to have learned to read and write from that companion of his in two years, and I believed him, as I had learned to read and write in this language in one year. But today I doubt very much that Drannan's feat would be possible. In 1902, when I came to this country, modern plumbing was practically unknown and a mail order catalog could be found in nearly every comfort station. To a foreign-born boy, eager to learn the language, any mail order catalog was just as good to him as a collegiate dictionary. Every named item had a picture with the name, so you always knew what you were reading about.

I met a man of 93 years in northern Minnesota in 1904 who claimed to have seen William Drannan at Bois Fort in 1838. That man, by the name of Tom McKinstry, also had met Kit Carson on the same trip. So also had J. A. Sutter. But Tom and Sutter were traveling West, while Carson was heading East.

Drannan was claiming in that book that he was a scout in the Mexican War. He also claimed that he saw a bunch of dead Mexicans that their crying wives claimed

(Continued on page 69)





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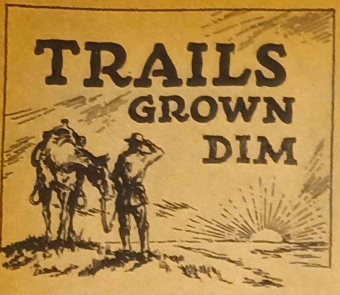

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Smith

My sister Bertha went to Montana in the early 1920s. She married a man by the name of Bill Smith who was a widower with two sons and a daughter. They lived in the Livingston and Muir, Montana area where my sister died in 1925 and is buried in Livingston. Bill Smith rode the line for the Montana Power Company. He was also sheriff at one time. They adopted a baby girl and named her Faith. I would like to hear from her or anyone who knows her whereabouts. I am the only living uncle on her mother's side.—Alfred E. Wischer, 3720 Montana, El Paso, Texas 79903

Wagoner

I would like to hear from anyone who could give me information about Thomas B. (Tom) Wagoner, or Waggoner. He is believed to have been born in McNairy County, Tennessee, served with the 6th Tenn. Cavalry (Union) during or after the Civil War. He was a member of the Fielding Hurst guerrillas about the time of the Civil War and was in much trouble. He left this area after killing a man named Foster sometime after the war. It is believed he moved to the Kansas City, Missouri area but he could have gone to Texas or other parts.

Also would like to correspond with anyone who knew or could give information concerning Kinnie Waggoner.—Billy W. Wagoner, Box 217, Adamsville, Tennessee 38310

Shepard-Shephard-Smith-Briles-Bryles-Taylor

Please can anyone help me? I need the names of the parents and brothers and sisters of my grandfather, William Woodard Shepard, born July 7, 1863 in Texas. A brother, John Hammelton, was born February 14, 1859, and a sister, Julia, was born around 1852. She married J. Moring about 1872 in Red River County, Texas. They came to Grant County, Arkansas around 1881. They are not found in the 1880 Arkansas census. I heard that Smith was the maiden name of their mother. Also I want to locate the first cousins, Willie and a younger brother, David (Shepard).

Burrel C. Sheppard and Deborah A. Smith were married September 19, 1850 in Hopkins County, Texas. Deborah was in the 1880 Texas census in Walker County, with children.

My grandfather, William W. Shephard, married Barbara Caroline Briles (Bryles) September 16, 1884. Her father was John A. Briles, who was born in 1840 in Tennessee. Need the names of his parents. The 1880 Arkansas census says their birthplace was Tennessee. His first marriage was in Jefferson County, Arkansas February 21, 1861 to Margaret Jane Taylor, born 1839. Her father was John G. Taylor, born in 1816. He was a Baptist minister. His first marriage was about 1839 and his oldest child's name was Margaret Jane. Need the name of her mother. Believe the Taylors came from Columbia, South Carolina to Arkansas about 1852-53.—Osia A: Davidson, 205 South Juniper Street, Pine Bluff, Arkansas 71601

Halmes

I am interested in corresponding with anyone having information about my great-grandmother's brother, Matthias Halmes (Holmes). The family came to the United States from Prussia in 1854, locating in Wisconsin until 1860 when they moved to Cass County, Nebraska. Matthias had a minor misunderstanding with his brother and left home, never to be heard of again. The family theorized that he joined the army or went to California. Matthias was born about 1830, the son of Martin Halmes II and Mary Noel Halmes.—Mrs. Richard Newville, 5033 Sunset Drive, Ralston, Nebraska 68127

Cornell

I would like to correspond with any descendants of Charles and Ida Brown Cornell. The Cornells and the Browns came from New York and were listed in the Kendall County, Illinois census of 1860. Ida was born January 18, 1852 at Warren, Pennsylvania.

Shortly after her birth her parents, Arsemus Taylor and Harriet Ward Brown, left Warren for Westfield, New York where Mrs. Brown's parents lived, and they left with the parents for Illinois.

I have a list of the Cornell family. I only know that Bertha was born September 13, 1871 and died May 14, 1945. She married Edward Gaffney. Her mother died and left a family and she cared for them until they were grown and then married Mr. Gaffney and had a family of her own. I got this information from a death certificate.

Mrs. Brown's parents were Josiah and Lurinda Sloan Ward. I would also like to know the parents and birthplace of Lurinda. Her sister, Adelene, who was several years younger, came to Illinois with them. She married Stephen Brown, no relation to Arsemus. Lurinda died June 2, 1895 in Cropsey, Illinois at age ninety-three.—Ruth Brown McAllister, 2330 East 12th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80206

Owen

Would like to hear from descendants of my great-grandparents, Bracket Owen and Mary S. Hunt Owen, born May 16, 1805 and January 11, 1808. They were married in Jasper County, Georgia in 1825. Mary was a descendant of Pocahontas. Her father's name was Judkins Hunt, Jr. Would like to know her full maiden and family name. Judkins Hunt, Jr. was born in Sussex County, Virginia in 1774. Her mother's given name was Unity.— Joe M. Mercer, Sr., 1535 Oakborne Drive, Harbor City, California 90710

Harris

I would like very much to hear from anyone who can tell me where the Alfred and Lida Harris family are and if they are still living. Their children are Ona, Kate, Alfred Xavier, Fred, Willie, Bryson, Chavis, Haney, Floyde, Lessie and Lois. Alfred had a brother, Ples Harris, and a sister, Angeline Harris Frizell.—Mrs. B. E. Garner, Route 1, Box 77W, Midland, Texas 79701

Fletcher

Anyone knowing or related to the Fletcher family—hearing from you would be greatly appreciated. My great-grandfather was Frank Fletcher. Known information on him is that he lived in Missouri—possibly in the Ozarks. Grandfather was Burgess (Bird) Henry Fletcher. Bird was killed in a construction accident in Salt Lake City, Utah in 1908 or 1909. Details on this would be appreciated. Father is Willie Henry Fletcher, born in Telluride, Colorado and known as Will. I know of no relation on this side of the family except one sister of my father's living in Salt Lake City. Would like to know more details of these people's lives.—Delphine DeHaven, Route 1, Box 216, Nyssa, Oregon 97913

Miles

I would like information about the family of James A. Miles, born July 27, 1889 in Alzada, Montana. The father was O. P. Miles and the mother, Mary Saylor Miles.—Mrs. Vera Miles, Box 323, American Fork, Utah 84003

Sanders

I would like to contact anyone who knew or knew of Baxter Sanders between the years 1910-1925. He was born in Alabama in 1891 and as a young man moved to Oklahoma. In 1913-14 he was living in the Coalgate, Lehigh, Atoka area. In 1914 he married Nora Rogers of Atoka. They had one child and were divorced in 1917 while living at Ardmore or in that vicinity. In 1919, while living at Wirt, Baxter married Inez Mabel Haines. Two children were born

(Continued on page 47)

BADMAN

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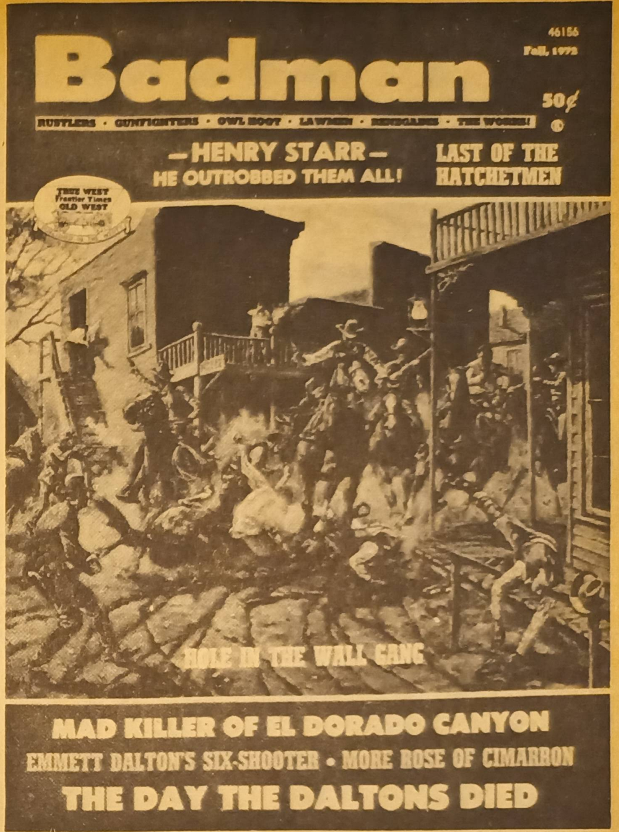

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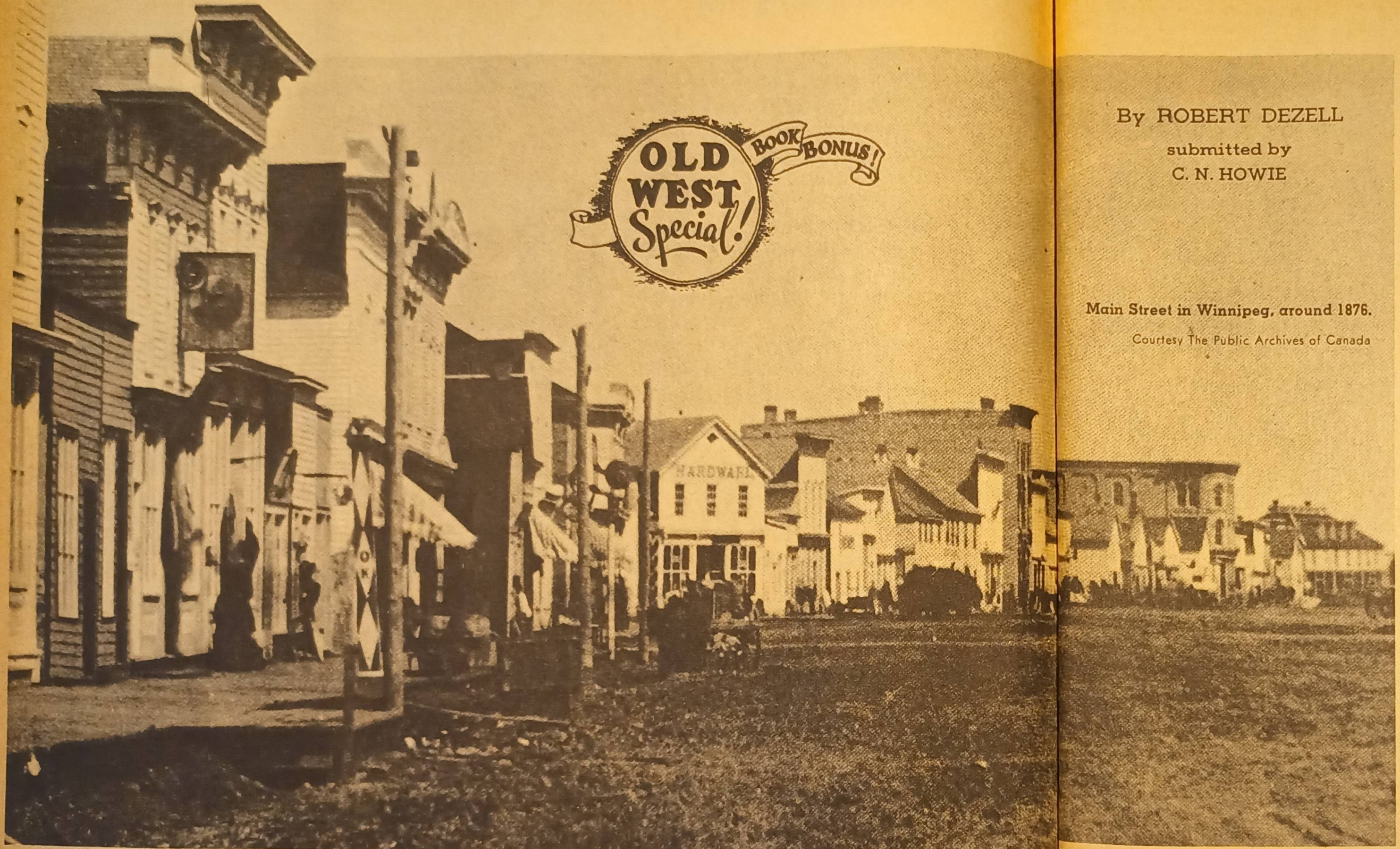
A NIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

PART II

By ROBERT DEZELL
submitted by
C. N. HOWIE

From *A Night on the Prairie; The Meadow Lea Tragedy*, by R. Dezell, Toronto, Canada; 1907

OLD WEST Special! BOOK BONUS!



Main Street in Winnipeg, around 1876.

Courtesy The Public Archives of Canada

THE MEADOW LEA DISASTER is an event which might be regarded as one that passed into history without having been accorded the treatment which this intense tale of suffering, sorrow, and heroism deserved at the hand of the historian.

The early settlers of Manitoba well remember the awful blizzard in March 1882. With a fair amount of correctness some of them can tell you the main facts of the sad havoc which the two opposites, fire and frost, made in their turn upon that memorable night. John Taylor and his family, of Meadow Lea, were burned out of house and home, and as a consequence of exposure to the fierce blizzard and bitter cold the mother and three daughters were frozen to death.

The printing press has done little to keep the various features of the story intact. The story has been told and retold, but a detailed and authentic account of the experiences of that night has never, up to the present, found its way into a publisher's hands.

An attempt was made some years ago by Mrs. Ivey (nee Martha Reid), the only living survivor, to provide a full account of the sad affair. It appears that same parties interested in a book which Mr. Ira D. Sankey was compiling at the time, possibly "The Story of the Hymns," had written to Mrs. Ivey for an account of her experience. In response to the request she wrote out the story in detail with her fingerless hands, but delayed sending the manuscript. A fire broke out in the combined store and dwelling in which Mr. and Mrs. Ivey lived, and her painstaking work, together with nearly everything the couple possessed, went up in smoke. It is a great pity that Mrs. Ivey's literary work can not be replaced but, considering the difficulties under which she has to labor, it is too much to ask a second attempt along this line. However, her memory has retained all of interest in connection with the fire.

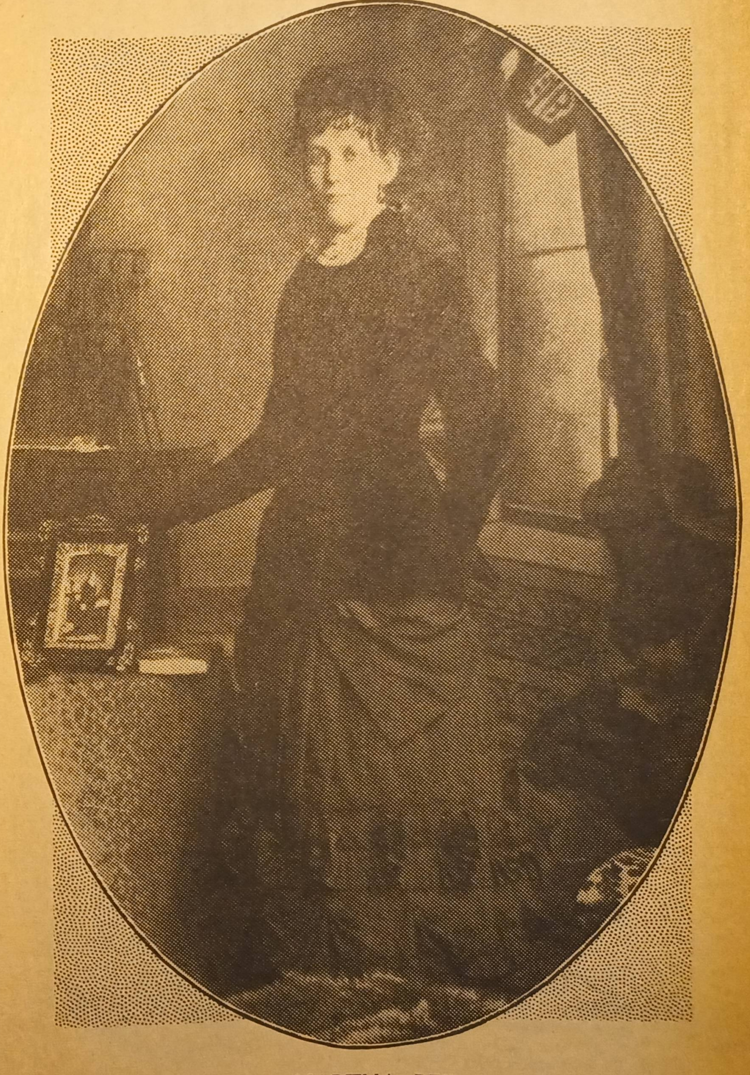
Mrs. Ivey, as has been stated, is the only living survivor of the disaster. John Taylor, the bereft husband and father, died about two years after the sad experience took place. As the heroine of Meadow Lea, Mrs. Ivey is better known by her maiden name, Martha Reid. She now lives at Glensmith, Manitoba, where she keeps a small country store. She is forty-five years of age. Her hands are well-nigh fingerless, the unhappy result of her struggle to save the life of her friend and the lasting evidence of the hardship through which she passed.

HAPPENING into the store at Glensmith one evening about the middle of October 1903, I observed a lady behind the counter deftly tying up parcels with apparently no fingers to do it with. Sympathy was aroused or curiosity awakened (most likely the latter) and a few questions were advanced. Little did I think how deep those questions would probe the life of the one approached. A wistful look came over her face. "Have you never heard of the Meadow Lea affair, or the fire?"

"No," I replied. How mean it makes one feel when compelled to confess ignorance of what someone thinks everyone should have known all their days. In this case it seemed very much like saying, "Your adventure has evidently not been as worthy of universal recognition as you thought."

There was no way out of it; she had to give an inkling of the story—and a faint inkling it was. There was a fire and a terrible storm. Some lives were lost, and she was among the saved.

Upon making inquiries of friends afterwards, my interest in the subject



MARTHA REID

grew. The way opened up for another talk with Mrs. Ivey at the home of her sister where Mrs. Ivey would shortly be present to spend the afternoon.

She came, and while she frankly said that she did not enjoy talking of the experience through which she had passed, and indeed could not speak of it for over a year after her escape, she nevertheless very freely told me all that came to mind. In addition to Mrs. Ivy's account, many interesting particulars were obtained from Mrs. William Taylor of Portage la Prairie, whose late husband was a brother of the unfortunate John Taylor. Also from Reverend A. B. Hames, now in the Toronto conference, I received many items of interest in addition to what had been previously acquired.

EARLY in the eighties—1881—a highly respectable and intelligent family came to Meadow Lea, Manitoba and settled on a quarter section of land. Prior to coming to Manitoba, they had lived at Stanley Mills, Ontario, a small farming community about four miles from Brampton.

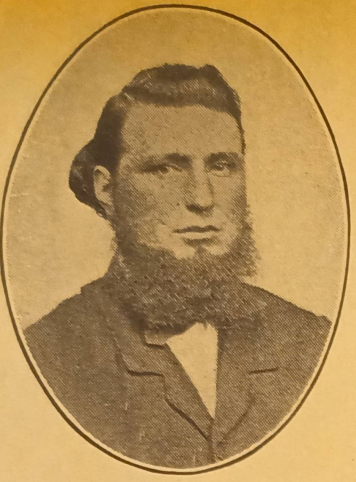
John Taylor, the head of the family, was a native of Lincolnshire, England. He was a heavily built man, and at the time he reached Manitoba was about sixty years of age. His wife, whose maiden name was Margaret Raine, was also a native of England. She was born in Westmoreland, May 29, 1824.

In 1834 she came to Canada with her parents. Her father settled at Stanley Mills. There she met John Taylor, and there the young couple were happily married. After their marriage they settled on her father's farm, where they lived for about twenty-six years.

Three daughters were born and brought up on the old homestead at Stanley Mills. Annie, the eldest, was born September 3, 1855; Mary Jane was born October 5, 1857; and Elizabeth Fields was born February 25, 1861.

The home life of the Taylors was decidedly happy. It may be stated here that Mr. and Mrs. Taylor sought to establish a Christian home. They were members of the Methodist Church, and for many years Mr. Taylor occupied the position of Superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School at Stanley Mills. He also occupied the position of class leader and local preacher. In financial affairs, whatever may account for it, Mr. Taylor was not successful, and decided to move to Manitoba with the hope of bettering the condition of himself and his family. The Taylors sold off the stock and implements as so many Ontario people have done during the past twenty years or more, preparatory to moving. That the inducements of Western life should receive favorable consideration was quite natural from the fact that Mr. Taylor's younger brother William had gone out West a few years previously and settled upon the prairies.

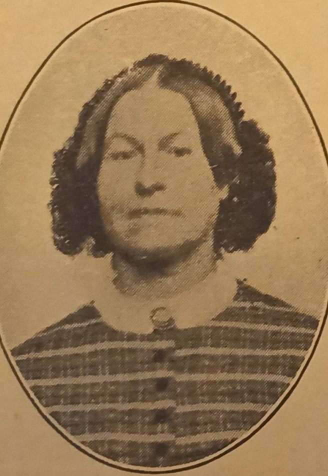
The leave-taking of their old home, friends and associations was very trying, especially to the mother. To her the farm was a highly prized gift from her father which had become endeared by long possession and many happy associations. So reluctant was she when it came to the last, that she held on to the outer side of the door fastening with both hands until other hands had to be employed to relax her hold.



MR. JOHN TAYLOR

On the journey the Taylor family made the acquaintance of a young lady from Toronto, Miss Martha Reid who was destined to share the subsequent suffering of her new-found friends.

AT that period in the history of railroads the most convenient route to the West was by way of Chicago. Here they were storm-bound for three days. Chicago, twenty or twenty-five years ago, was no better in some respects than it is today. The robber and would-be desperado was quite in evidence where favorable opportunities presented themselves, as was shown by Mr. Taylor's little experience with that class in the Windy City. One of the girls, Lizzie, having felt somewhat faint, required some water. Mr. Taylor at once left the car to secure same, and shortly after leaving on his errand was attacked by some desperate characters with dark lanterns. A policeman happened to be nearby and came in time to avert what might have been a serious affair.



MRS. JOHN TAYLOR

Manitoba was reached on March 27, 1881, and Miss Reid found employment in a dressmaking establishment in Winnipeg. The Taylors went on to Meadow Lea, where Mr. Taylor's younger brother William had settled a few years before. Having secured more land than he could work to advantage, William sold a quarter-section to his brother John.

Sometime in April of the same spring in which they came out, the family settled on the farm. Later on Annie, the eldest daughter, went to Winnipeg to work at dressmaking. She worked in the same shop as Martha Reid and boarded with her people.

Whatever feeling of homesickness may have been experienced by the family in their new home, they were very fortunate in having struck a good neighborhood.

Meadow Lea was a Methodist centre. A church had been organized a short time before Mr. Taylor and his family moved in. The parsonage had been built the fall before and the church was erected the following spring. The Reverend A. B. Hames was the minister when the Taylors arrived in early spring.

Mary, Annie and Lizzie were welcomed into the choir. Mary was accorded the position of organist; Mary also had a good alto voice; Annie and Lizzie sang soprano. Annie, of course, was not at home much of the time, but to her the church at Meadow Lea was the home church.

Mr. Taylor before coming West had had a paralytic stroke, and another a short time after he arrived. In addition, he was subject to lameness. His financial troubles seemed to have harassed his mind, and his somewhat helpless physical condition, together with some hard reverses, had some of the less wholesome effects which trouble and affliction very often bring.

Mrs. Taylor "was a 'home-bird,' you may say," said an intimate friend when forming an estimate to me of her life and worth. Her supreme delight, as indicated by that term, was in her quiet faithful ministries to the loved ones in her family.

Annie, the eldest of the three girls, was about twenty-five years of age when the family moved to Meadow Lea. She is described as being of medium height, with dark eyes and hair, modest and retiring. Her manner was somewhat reserved.

Mary, the next to Annie in age, was not quite as tall as her two sisters, and while not exactly frail she was not as robust and vigorous as Annie and Lizzie. She had a fair complexion and blue eyes and was of a confiding and affectionate nature. In the fullest and best sense of the term, Mary was a good girl.

A little over twenty-one years had passed over the head of Elizabeth, the youngest of the family, when the storms of life played havoc with her promising young life. Lizzie, as she was familiarly called by her friends, was considered as rather attractive in appearance. She is described as a pretty girl, with a dignified and stately bearing. Her eyes were brown, her hair light, and her complexion fair. She was of medium height and had a strong and healthful appearance.

ANNIE TAYLOR

Once in a while we find that family pride, instead of being something in the aggregate, settles on one member particularly. It appears to have been so in this family, and Lizzie seems to have been the one.

THE spiritual side of Lizzie's life is somewhat interesting. Her response to the call of God was long delayed, and had the summons come a few months earlier it would not have found her ready.

In the camp-meeting in September 1881, the services were of an intensely evangelistic character, and general services were held three times a day—morning, afternoon and evening, with prayer-meetings between. Some traveled fifty miles or more that they might be present to that, the first camp-meeting held in Manitoba. Some were there from Rapid City, Grand Valley (now Brandon), Winnipeg, Emerson, Portage la Prairie, Stonewall, High Bluff and intermediate points. Hundreds were in attendance.

Lizzie Taylor was a faithful attendant at the meetings. In view of the many gracious revival seasons she had passed through unmoved, her pastor and Christian friends were very solicitous in regard to her salvation. Considering her early training and influences she was harder to reach than would naturally be supposed. She appeared to be unsusceptible to appeals and implorations. Indeed, it was felt by some that she had become Gospel-hardened, and in some degree skeptical as regards the attainment of a religious experience.

But at last the spell was broken. She began to consider the matter seriously and, unfolding her convictions to an unconverted young lady friend attending the meeting, found her in much the same mind as herself. One afternoon while the meeting was in progress, the two girls went off by themselves and had a long heart-to-heart talk about the subject. The outcome of it was they both decided to present themselves as seekers at the evening service.

Truly it was well that Lizzie did not put off the day of her return to God until it was too late. At the time of her conversion it seems she realized the dangers of this as her mind was heavily weighed with the possibility of having reached a crisis in her life when it meant now or never. In speaking of it later on to her aunt, Mrs. William Taylor, Lizzie expressed her gratitude over the decision she had made. "I am so glad I gave my heart to God when I did, for I felt that if I did not do it then I would never have another chance."

The earnest thought of Lizzie Taylor that she had had her last opportunity of being saved may or may not be considered as unusual. Perhaps there was no conviction of impending disaster, but there was an intimation that a person will naturally lay hold upon as being very singular in the light of what afterwards came to pass.

It is also singular that Lizzie was not alone in having some indefinite hints of things to come. Annie, the eldest of the family, also let drop shortly before her death some words which gave evidence of an inward persuasion of something dreadful in the near future. She was working at the time on a dress—one for herself—and while sitting at the machine sewing she suddenly stopped and turning with a sorrowful look to her friend Martha Reid, said, "Martha, I do not think I shall ever get this dress done."

Miss Reid says, "As we had nearly a week to do the sewing, I thought such a remark strange, and accompanied with such a look and tone, stranger still. I tried to cheer her, but to no avail."

As we shall see later on, Annie's friend, Miss Reid, had also very uncomfortable presentiments of trouble a short time before the trouble came upon them.

SUMMER had passed, winter had set in, and a year's experience in Manitoba and Western life would apparently soon be the portion of the new settlers of Meadow Lea. The church had been opened, the camp-meetings closed, and with the winter months came the idea for holding a concert on Friday, March 3 (1882). Naturally this was an event looked forward to with considerable interest.

William Taylor was in the city some time previous to the date announced, and asked Miss Reid and his niece Annie to go out to sing. This they decided to do. When the day came they took the train from Winnipeg and were accompanied by a Mr. Albertson, a friend of Annie's, who was also a singer.

The cars were cold, but as the station they were bound for was only about twenty-eight miles from Winnipeg, they were not long on the way out. Miss Reid felt a strange sense of fear, and was filled with forebodings of evil. To quote her own words, "I wished something would happen so I could get home (Winnipeg)."

Having arrived safely at their destination, they went to the concert, which passed off nicely, and the people enjoyed themselves as they usually do on such occasions.

Miss Reid, however, was exceptionally quiet. The presentiment of trouble weighed heavily upon her mind. A lonely, dismal feeling possessed her, and her depression was so noticeable that her friend Annie Taylor came to where she was sitting alone, and asked, "What is the matter with you? You are not a bit like yourself tonight."

"I don't know what's the matter, but I wish next Friday night had come, and we were all safe at home again."

The concert over, the people dispersed to their homes. Mr. Albertson went with William Taylor's people and Miss Reid went with her friend Annie to Annie's father's house. Then, as now, people in the rural sections of Manitoba did not do much walking. The old-fashioned sleigh with long box made a strong contribution to the after-part of a night's entertainment.

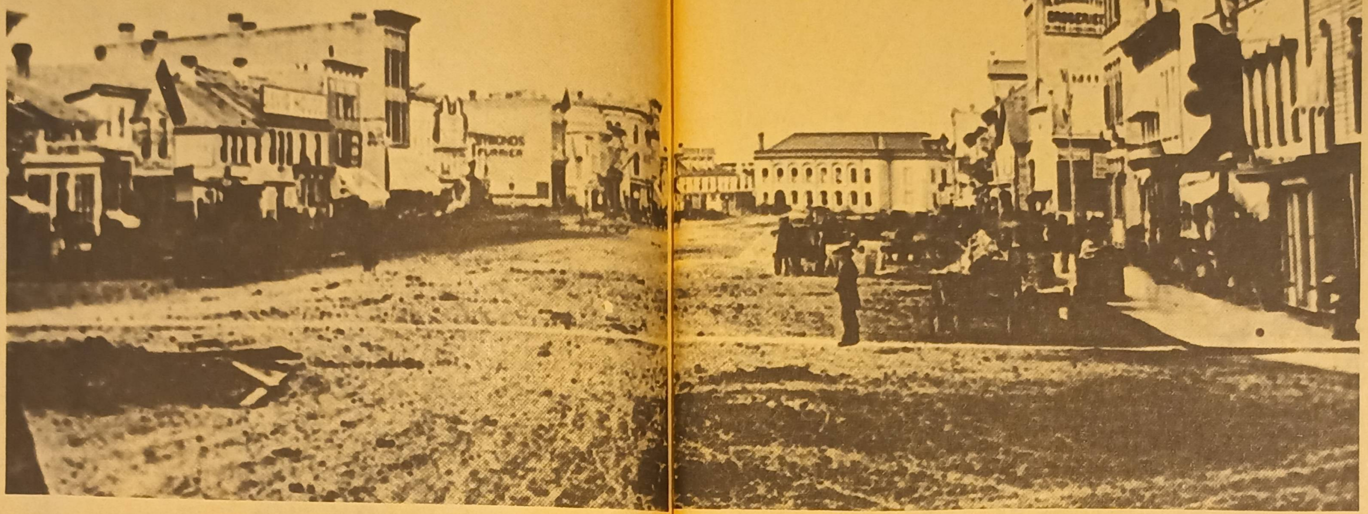
The night proved to be fine and clear—bright with moonlight. As the sleigh glided along, there was the sound of mirth. Yet, was it not remarkable that they should start to sing, "We're Going Home Tomorrow"?

We're going home, no more to roam
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care,
We're going home tomorrow.

NEW SETTLERS in a new country are very likely to have with their new experience the old style of house and outbuildings. Wealthy as the West is fast becoming today, there was for many a Westerner a small beginning, a good deal of roughing, a long and hard pull before the goal of independence was reached. In the earlier days of which we write, there was nothing considered more substantial than logs for building houses, and a log house was quite as fashionable as the follower of fashion could wish it to be.

It was a log house covered with thatch that John Taylor's family lived in, and to this humble dwelling they took themselves and their friend, Miss Reid, on the night of the concert.

Though the night of the concert was clear and frosty, the next morning was mild, with clouds heavy and lowering. A storm was brewing. About nine or ten o'clock large soft flakes of snow began to fall, and increased continuously until by noon there was a heavy fall of snow accompanied by a strong wind. By night one of the worst blizzards ever known in Manitoba broke upon the prairies. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, the cold was terrible, and the fall of snow enormous.


Another shot of Main Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, 1870.

Courtesy The Public Archives of Canada

Previous storms that winter had banked the snow up around Mr. Taylor's stables until the drifts were about as high as the roof. Admittance to the doorway was maintained by keeping a narrow lane or passage shoveled out after each successive storm had filled it in. A few hours' drifting and they were again at the inconvenience of either shoveling it out or tearing up the grass sod out of which the roof was made in order to gain an entrance.

Inside the house there was the usual confidence and sense of security. The mere fact that Annie was home meant a pleasant time for all the family. The visitor, too, was quite at home with her friends. Time seems long under the conditions imposed by a severe storm; but the problem—how to pass the time—with work to be done, so much to talk about and think about, certainly was not a factor at first.

The day passed and night drew on. About ten o'clock (Saturday night), the house was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Taylor had just retired. Lizzie's attention was first attracted by the smell of smoke. Opening the door of the house near the stove pipe, which had been unsafe for some time, she excitedly gave the alarm, "The thatch is on fire!"

The element of danger was very evident—a fire on the open prairie and a terrific storm at the same time! With pails of water, four active though inexperienced young women began their desperate struggle to save the house. Mr. Taylor's physical condition was such as to render him almost useless in such an emergency.

MARY was soon on the roof of the building, and while the others hastened to get water she applied it to the smoking thatch. Failing to reach the fire in that way they then attempted to smother it by placing wet blankets or quilts over it. Water was scarce, and the wind so terrific that it was with difficulty anything could be done.

Thatch is a difficult roof to deal with in case of fire. The coating of clay on the top of the prairie grass prevents the access of water from without, and the only successful way of reaching the fire is to apply water from within.

As a consequence of disadvantages and misdirected efforts the fire rapidly gained headway, and seeing it was useless to try to save the house any longer, the firefighters at once bent their energies toward saving its contents.

In this they were more successful. Most of the furniture was removed, but their books and little knick-knacks and numerous household effects were destroyed. The flames leaped higher and higher; and how would they fare when left to the mercy of a relentless storm?

Miss Reid thought of the stable, but on being told by Mr. Taylor that they could not get into it because of the huge drifts of snow, that chance of safety apparently did not come in for any further consideration. It is unaccountable that they abandoned the thought of safety from such a source.

How easy it is under such circumstances to make a wrong move. Some may act their best in an emergency, but more often we find examples of stupidity and folly. Moreover, it is one of the hard things to be reconciled to afterward, as Miss Reid found, to know that we might have done so-and-so but did not think of it at the time.

Doubtlessly all would have been saved had they sought shelter in the stable, for while it was true that the doors were not accessible they had that very day got around the difficulty by forcing an entrance higher up. Fate, however, seems to be as inexorable where there are a thousand chances as where there are none at all, so the plan of safety adopted was to send word to William Taylor's house, which was about three-quarters of a mile away. It was a most dangerous move on such a night, with no guiding lines from place to place as furnished by well defined roads, fences, etc., in more settled parts. Whether accustomed to prairie life or not, a trackless plain and a blinding storm are enough to suggest the thought of danger to any rational mind.

Lizzie, the youngest, was quite confident she could reach her uncle's house. Mr. Taylor thought it was the best, if not the only thing that could be done, and the unwise course was accepted without protest from anyone.

IT WENT against Martha Reid's sense of propriety and safety to see Lizzie go out on such a night alone; and she, with as much courage as her friend, insisted on going with her. Lizzie Taylor, however, would not hear of this. She had at that time about a year's experience on the prairie, and having never lost her way during that time she felt confident she could reach her uncle's home all right, and accordingly assured Miss Reid and all concerned that she was able for the task. Lizzie said, "If I have ever been to a place once I can always manage to get there again."

"I shall go with you," Martha again insisted. Lizzie, however, was still opposed, and so were the rest of the family.

Mary, approaching her, said in an affectionate, pleading way: "You had better stay with us, Martha. We may need you here." It was Mary's appeal that won Martha over to their way of thinking. She said to herself, "Well, if I can be of any use I had better stay."

Lizzie then quickly completed her preparations for the task she had set for herself, without fully realizing the strength of the forces she had measured herself against. Prompted by a strong sense of duty and inspired by the thought of gaining shelter and safety for all, she was ready to face the wildest storm and to endure the severest cold. In her haste to be off, she was none too careful about wrapping up. Her hands were protected with mittens and her body with a fair amount of clothing, although not as much as the severity of the night would warrant.

"I will go to Uncle's and bring the boys to save the rest of you," were her parting words.

It cannot be exactly determined what time of the night she started off, but it could not have been very long after the house took fire—possibly a couple of hours—for the family had not abandoned the burning building altogether when she went away.

But then began that most trying of human experiences—waiting under conditions which call for urgent and immediate attention. Time did not seem so long when hopes were high that help would soon come, but by and by the moments got longer. They waited on, but no one came.

"Time they were here now," said one, while another would try to make allowances for possible delays. They waited on, but hope began to give way to fear.

"Something is wrong," was the conviction that seized first one and then another, and more than one anxious, tearful face gave evidence of deep concern. Annie wrung her hands in anguish. Mary was inconsolable. Approaching Martha Reid she broke forth in sorrowful tones, "Oh Martha, I am afraid Lizzie is lost, and if Lizzie dies," she continued, as her voice became intensely sad, "I do not want to live."

"I soon saw," says Miss Reid, "that I was indeed needed to comfort the poor, sorrowing ones. I held poor, sobbing Mary in my arms."

TO BE LOST on such a night was a terrible thought to be entertained. It was plain that Lizzie had lost her way and would never come back. Clouds of snow intervened between them and the tragic scene in which the battle for life was being fought to a finish on the open prairie.

Annie, the eldest of the three sisters, could not be content to wring her hands in despair while her sister was evidently a victim of blinding snow and cold. It was altogether too much for a young lady of Annie's temperament.

"I'm going to find Lizzie," she said, and with that she began to wrap herself up preparatory to a search.

An hour or more after Annie started out on her hopeless mission, Martha Reid went away from the others for a while upon a more hopeful line of search. Things had reached a terrible crisis. The appalling outlook, the loss of Lizzie, and the possibility of them all perishing in the storm, so worked upon her mind that with blanket wrapped around her head and hands she sought a secret place that she might be alone to pray for guidance.

A short distance from the house she came upon a firmly packed drift of snow. Of her experience she said, "I wanted to be alone to think so I left the others and walked away a short distance from the fire. I thought of my awful peril, and of my brothers and sisters at home who loved me, and I prayed that if it was His will the storm might cease and I be restored to my loved ones.

"Just then for a moment the moon came out, and I thought, 'It may be God will answer my prayer and make the storm a calm.' But only for a moment did the moon shine before the storm raged more fiercely than ever. I could scarcely see my hand before me. I walked again across the drift."

MARTHA REID had been away from the burning building, or what remained of it, for about half an hour when her attention was attracted by a form moving across the snow—going from her, as it were. Could it be Lizzie? Thinking it might, she called. They then approached each other, and the person Miss Reid sighted proved to be Mrs. Taylor, who was the first to speak, "Oh, is it you, Martha? I was uneasy about Lizzie, and about you, too."

"You had better come with me," Martha replied, "and we will go back to the fire." At this they both started back.

The snow for some distance away from the house had become soft by the heat from the burning building, and being quite deep. it was very hard work for Mrs. Taylor to wade through it. She kept sinking every step or two. Martha helped her up as often as she got down and, though a strong young woman, it required all her strength.

To make matters worse, Mrs. Taylor was not well protected, and Martha took the blanket she had wrapped around herself, and, first tearing off a strip enough to keep her own ears and face from freezing, she put it around Mrs. Taylor. She never thought of her hands, which were altogether exposed after dispensing with the blanket. As they struggled on, Mrs. Taylor began to lose consciousness and talk incoherently. Martha realized what that meant. It was a sign of freezing which was unmistakable. Indeed, the same feeling was fast beginning to creep over Martha herself. She felt terribly cold, and then a sleepy sensation came upon her.

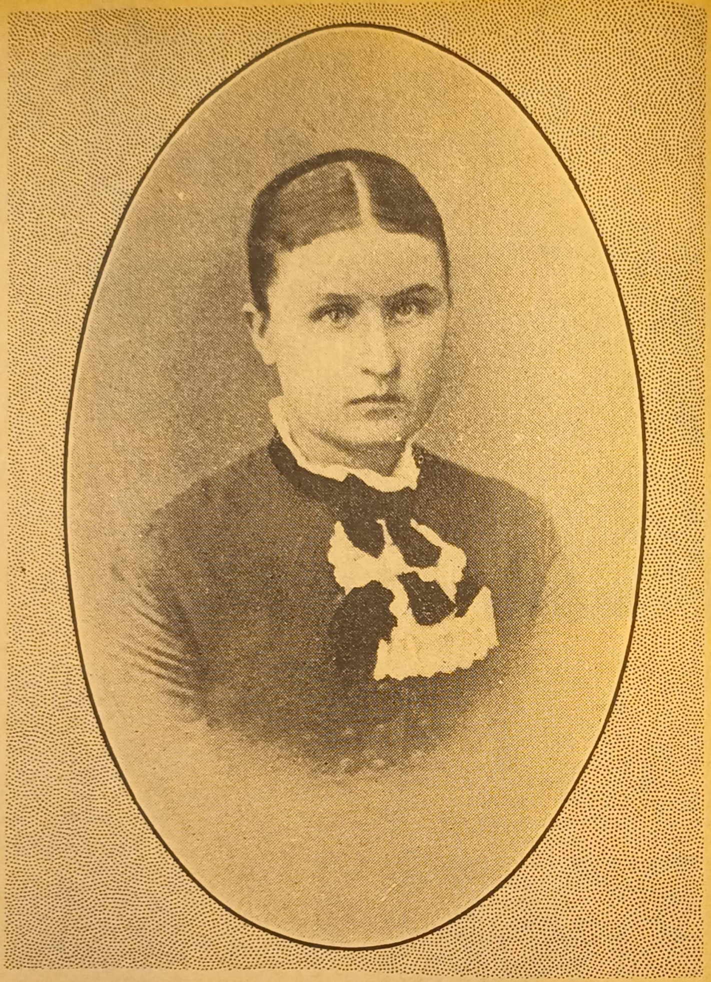
Mrs. Taylor, being very heavy and so helpless in the snow, it was very exhausting on the young woman's strength trying to get her along. At last she found herself unable to help Mrs. Taylor rise. The unfortunate old lady had been down for some time, and Martha tried her utmost to lift her up but was unable to do so. Finding she could do nothing with her she started off for help. She thought to make the others hear by calling.

Martha stopped, called, but no one heard and no answer came. The roar of the storm deadened the sound. She hesitated about leaving her friend any longer than she could help. It would take time to wade through the snow to the house. For a moment she was undecided as to what was best to do; then turning around and seeing her helpless friend crouched in the snow, Martha hastened back as fast as her exhausted condition would allow. Mrs. Taylor was in a sort of stupor.

"Oh, Mrs. Taylor," Martha said, "do try to help yourself. I will help you all I can. Think of the girls and Mr. Taylor. What would they do without you?" This roused the woman, and looking up for a moment she asked, "Are we near the fire?" This was the last she said. Martha replied, "Yes, quite near." Mrs. Taylor then made another effort, but sank again in the snow—never to rise again.

Martha was obliged to leave her. In order to save her own life she had to return to the fire. This she did—part of the way on hands and knees, so overcome was she with fatigue and cold.

Mr. Taylor was bewildered and almost beside himself. When Miss Reid told him she had left Mrs. Taylor and was afraid she would die, he did not seem to realize the gravity of the situation and simply said, "I cannot do anything." And in view of his physical condition, it was just as well he did not make the effort.



MARY TAYLOR

THE darkest hour for Miss Reid had not yet come. After her unsuccessful effort to save the life of another, there came the long, desperate struggle to save her own life.

By the time Martha Reid got back to the fire she was already in the first stages of freezing. Her strong determination to keep awake was what saved her. At length she threw herself on the warm ashes at the side of the building which had first burned down.

There for a time she had the solace of unconsciousness, but there were dangers in that bed of ashes as thick as in the fiercest of the fight with the white-robed monarch of the prairies, the snow.

Coals of fire were all around Martha's person, and pieces of burning timber fell close to where she was lying. In places her clothes were burned through to her body, and her hands were severely burned as well as frozen. The wonder is that she was not burned to death.

Regaining consciousness sometime before daylight, she heard a faint moan and called to know who was there. Mary answered her.

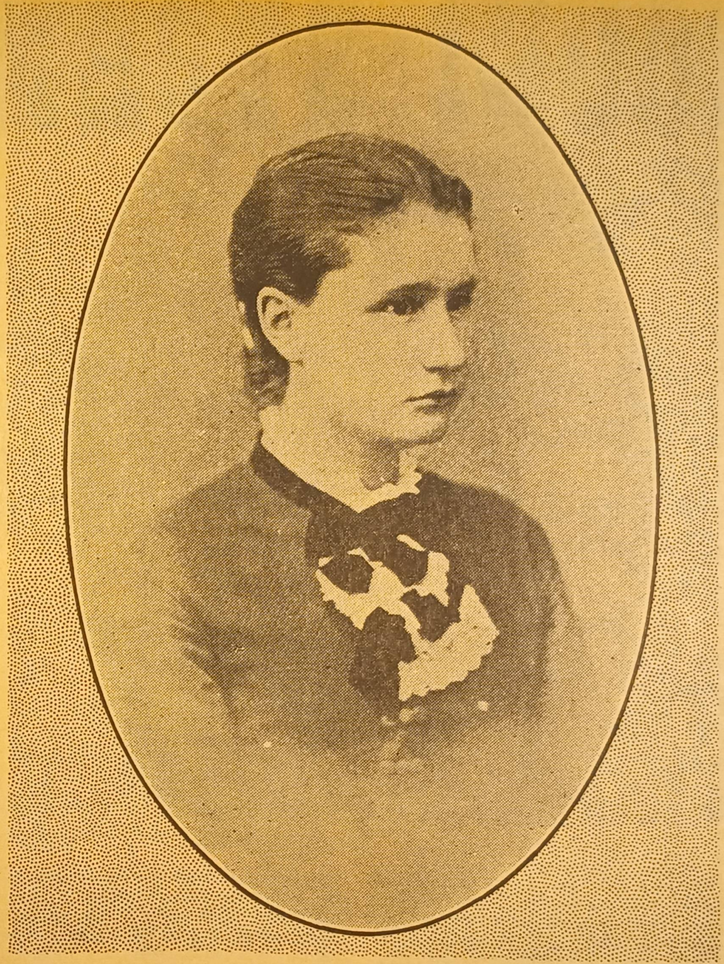
"Are you cold, Mary?" Martha asked.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I am very cold."

"Come to me, then," said her friend. "We can keep from freezing here at least."

What more pitiable sight than those two girls as they lay together upon the ashes of a ruined home, the one almost despairing of life, the other so disconsolate that she did not want to live.

As an added prophetic touch, the faithful family dog crouched by Martha's head, maintaining throughout the hours a sympathetic guard.



ELIZABETH TAYLOR

MORNING came, but Martha Reid's prayer for deliverance remained unanswered. The storm still raged and the outlook was as hopeless as it could possibly be. Annie Taylor, who had gone out in the night to seek her sister Lizzie, returned soon after dawn. She had wandered over the plains no one knows how long, and eventually took shelter in what was known as Chant's house—a vacated building which for some years had been used as a granary.

Failing to find any trace of Lizzie, she returned to see how it fared with the others. What a sad and sorrowful homecoming that must have been. Her first question was, "Has Lizzie come back yet?"

Mary answered, "No."

"Where are Mother and Martha?"

"Mother is over there," pointing in the direction where she was last seen, "and Martha is here beside me."

This was too much for that overwrought, sensitive Annie to endure. Coming home, after finding no trace of Lizzie, to find her mother dead, and her father and Mary and Martha Reid in a perishing condition, she completely broke down under the strain. Annie Taylor had reached her limit of endurance that stormy Sunday morning as she stood confronted with the calamities that had occurred through the night. Hysterically she walked back and forth around the smoking ruins, wringing her hands and wildly praying, "Oh, God, what have we done? What have we done? What have we done?"

One ambition remained in the heart of Annie Taylor after she had given full vent of her feelings, and that was the fatal one of finding some trace of her lost sister Lizzie. It is said that love is blind, and a phase of blindness was very evident here. Annie was not only blind to her own danger but to all other resources that might afford relief to the helpless ones around the smouldering ruins. Lizzie must be found or she would never be able to forgive herself.

AGAIN Annie started off saying, "I'm going to find my sister." This time her words had the ring of determination.

She had wandered about half a mile away when a strong gust of wind caught her and threw her backwards. And there death recorded her devotion to the one who had gone before her. Both perished in the storm.

How near Lizzie Taylor had come to fulfilling her promise when she said, "I will go to Uncle's and bring the boys to save you," can be gathered from the fact that her footprints in the snow later revealed that she was at one time within a few yards of her uncle's house. This remarkable testimony from the tracks she left behind accounts for her confident assurance, "If I have ever been to a place once I can always manage to get there again."

It is said she came so near at one time to the wire fence which enclosed her uncle's yard and house that had she reached out her hand to arm's length she would have touched it. One step more in the right direction would have told a different tale. But a wrong turn at the crucial point took Lizzie Taylor in the wrong direction, and she never afterwards came as near the object of her search. Four miles or more from the house her lifeless frozen body was afterwards found; but her footprints traced in the varied directions in which they led, bore testimony to a much longer journey. Counting her steps, it is estimated she tramped nine or ten miles through the deep snow, and none too well clad on that terrible night.

She meant well, but she missed her way. When alive she was the pride of the home. Today she lives in memory as the heroine of the prairies.

SOME TIME after Annie Taylor went away for the last time to seek her lost sister, Martha and Mary began to consider the advisability of making for a place of safety. The ashes had become cold by this time and Martha, feeling much stronger, said, "Had we not better try to get to Chant's house? We will find shelter there at least."

They had no sooner started, however, when Mary stopped, saying, "I must go back and try and help Father as well." Then giving Martha directions, she returned.

The empty house was about a quarter of a mile away, but even that short distance was too much for one in Martha Reid's condition. A temporary revival of her strength could not be depended upon when every step exacted a heavy strain. Besides, Martha was very much hampered by her clothing. The snow which

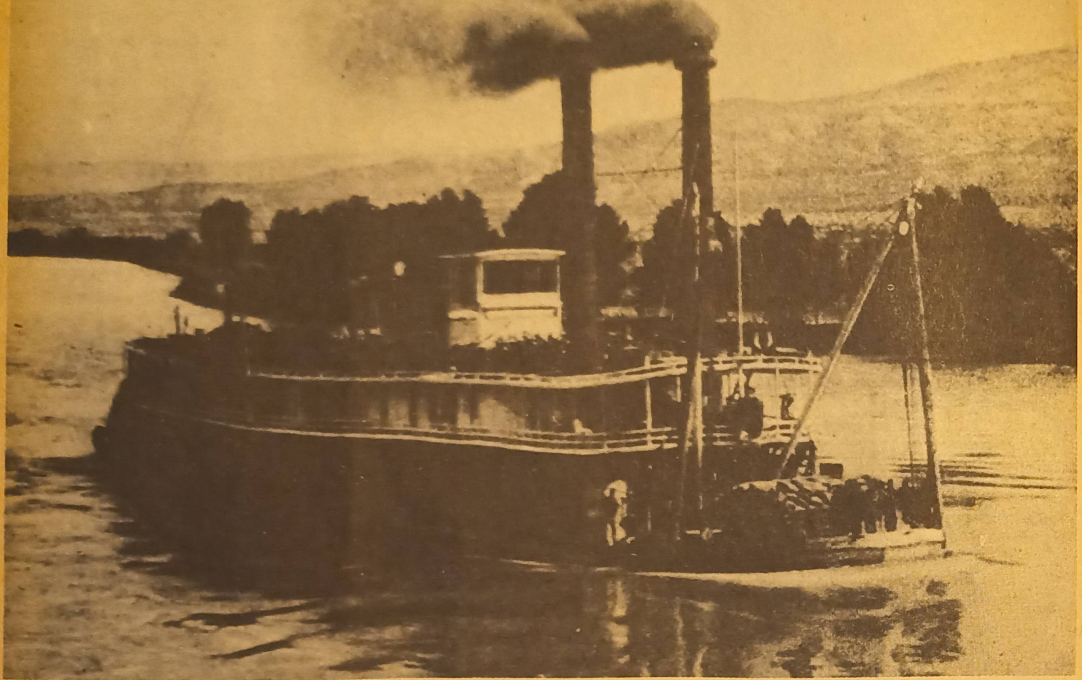
(Continued on page 50)

MISSOURI STEAMBOAT'S TREASURE

By K. D. CURTIS

Photos Courtesy Author

Rivers, like women, change their minds about where they want to go—and are indifferent to what they're leaving behind when they alter their courses . . .



Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln

UNAWARE that doom lay ahead, Captain John Yores moved busily and skillfully to load cargo and passengers aboard his Missouri River steamboat, *The Bertrand*. Mingling among the dockhands and roustabouts were gold and silver miners, fur dealers, frontier gamblers, traveling salesmen, land promoters, good and "bad" women, and assorted adventurers who waited to take passage.

The Bertrand, tied to her St. Louis pier, was one of the better Missouri River steamers. Her big rear paddlewheel propelled her through shallow and muddy waters as far upriver as Fort Benton (near Great Falls), Montana Territory. These tortuous 2,300 miles were obstacle-ridden with uncharted and submerged "sawyers" (trees growing under water), sand bars, fallen timber, rocks, numerous shipwrecks, Indian-rigged traps and other dangers.

Cruising northward from Omaha and Council Bluffs, powerful crosswinds often drove such shallow-draft craft onto the beach—or the Great Plains' galloping headwinds slowed their speed to a crawl. Night cruising, between the hazards of Mother Nature and the Indians, was dangerous.

Captain Yores inwardly grumbled over the fact that his government-licensed pilot—who could "read" and navigate the treacherous Missouri—got a solid $1,000 a month (really big money in 1865), compared to his mere $250, with all his skipper's headaches. But the Montana & Idaho Lines that owned *The Bertrand* remembered that between 1819 and 1865 Missouri steamboats worth millions were lost by striking snags, smashing against shore-rocks, colliding with bridges, or through explosions, fires and assorted hazards. Many were never recovered. The average life-span of a frontier steamship such as Captain Yores' was almost exactly six round-trips.

Knowing this, why did his company risk $85,000 invested in *The Bertrand*? Because this craft could earn as much as $75,000 in a single trip. *The Bertrand* hauled supplies, merchandise and passengers outwardbound; furs and minerals and passengers homewardbound. She could earn four times her cost in about five years. Insured cargo bound for Montana mining fields was shipped at around a dollar a pound. A passenger ticket from St. Louis to "eastern Kansas" cost $25.

ON this day—though predestined never to arrive—mercury worth about $100,000 (presently, close to a million dollars) was loaded on *The Bertrand*. Mercury was needed in Montana where, in 1862, the discovery of gold had made mining centers of Virginia City and Bannock. Between $4,000 and $5,000 in gold and silver coin went aboard, as well as 5,000 gallons of whiskey and several cases of Dr. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for frontiersmen's bellies. Heavy machinery, shovels, hobnailed boots, ladies' heavy woollen underwear, drygoods, tinned foods, butter-churns, and firearms swelled the cargo.

Fortunately for future historians and researchers *The Bertrand* was an outstanding steamer in her day. "Excellent cabin accommodations" for fastidious passengers and "good facilities for all freight" were described in the St. Louis *Democrat* for February 22, 1865.

Her wooden hull was 160 feet long, 30 feet wide. Two stacks arose 52 feet to proudly pipe off smoke from twin wood-burning engines. The steamer probably averaged 75 miles a day—fast travel in horse-and-wagon days.

On March 18, *The Bertrand* cast off her pier hawsers. By April 1, she was some 20 miles above Omaha, tied up to a shoreline and taking on wood for fuel.

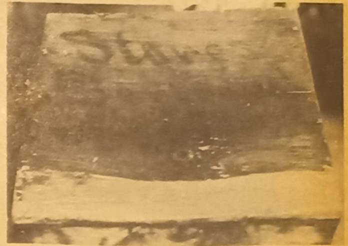
At mid-day, with weather calm and warm, Captain Yores continued north. His pilot eagle-eyed every inch of the churning, opaque water. Suddenly there was a resounding, deep-toned thud. The craft quivered from stem to stern. Firemen and engineers rushed up from below. "She's stove in, Captain!" someone shouted. "The whole damned river is pouring in!" Another added, "Something smashed her forward ribs, sir."

Pumps could not save the ship's flooded engineroom, and she began sinking rapidly. Somehow—no one knows how, for sure—all passengers and crew got off. "Light-crated freight lashed to the top deck" floated or was dragged ashore; these crates were fashioned into "light shanties to protect the crew" in exposed country.

The Bertrand was soon resting in an unmarked grave, hidden under the churning ooze of mud and sand some 15 feet below the surface.

Years later, the untamed, undammed Missouri shifted its channel. The old 1865 course is today part of the DeSoto Bend National Wildlife Refuge, home of game and migratory fowl.

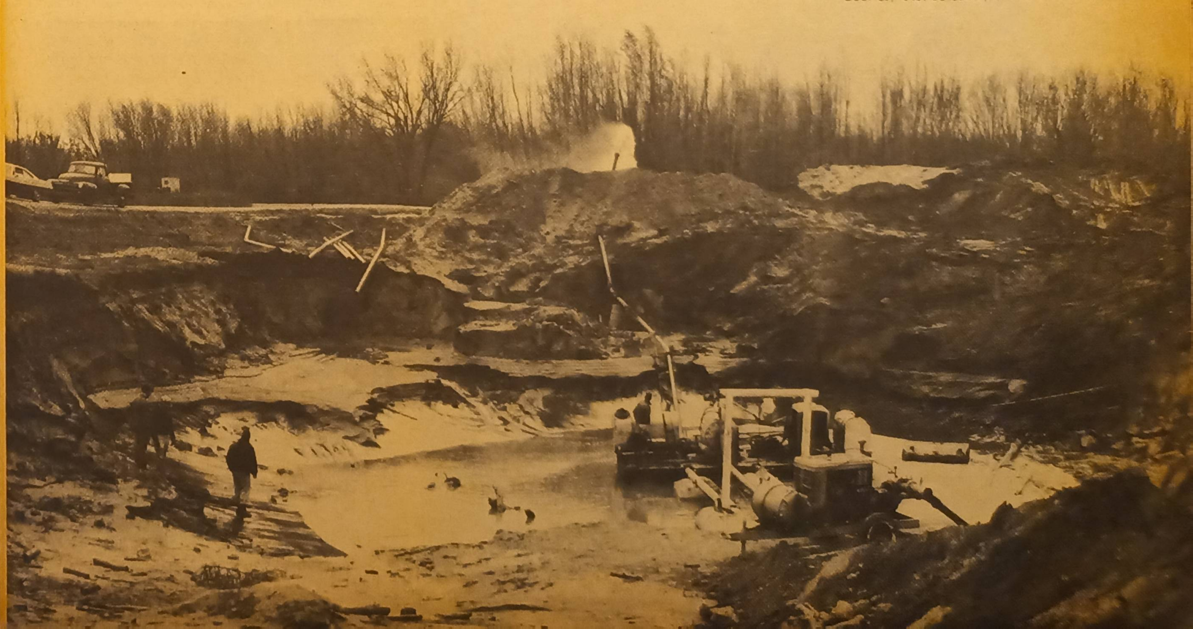
THE rich, river-concealed cargo of *The Bertrand* haunted the minds of river-rats, fortune-seekers and professional treasure hunters. Some tried to find her



A strong clue to the identity of the ship being unearthed was provided by this wooden shipping case marked, "Stores—Bertrand."

Above, left, the twin-engined, stern paddlewheel *Bertrand* looked a great deal like this other Missouri steamer, *Rosebud*. With shallow draft and narrow keel, many looked like ferries. Below, a sand dredge lifts out sand and silt that has concealed and preserved the *Bertrand* for a century.

Courtesy U.S. Bureau Sport Fisheries & Wildlife



Courtesy U.S. Bureau Sport Fisheries & Wildlife

Standing on the deck of the uncovered *Bertrand* is Wayne Chord, one of several Federal officials supervising the careful excavation of the sand-impacted ship.

and failed. To tantalize these men and to cloud the hunt, several other early steamboats subsequently disappeared in this same area. These can give false leads; their river records are incomplete. They may still be there.

Early in 1968 Jesse Pursell, a plane pilot, and Sam Corbino, businessman, both of Omaha, began core drillings in an effort to locate the million-dollar booty. They utilized their own aerial studies. They did magnetometer soundings. All this, and more, correlated to painstaking research in the National Archives.

Surrounding the excavation pit is an encircling pipe with numerous well-points used to pump out the seeping water. All water lifted by the dredge is screened for artifacts.

Courtesy U.S. Bureau Sport Fisheries & Wildlife

One day, their 15-foot auger drillings began to bring up fragments of musket-balls, leather, firebrick, and glass fruit-jars. But from what ship? The site was in moist sand but away from today's rechanneled Missouri. A dredge was hired. After the first few shovelfuls, water seeped in. The men rigged 125 well-points connected to pipes and began pumping where the seepage was greatest. Jet hoses started gouging away sand.

At 18 feet down, a wooden deck was suddenly disinterred. Dr. Wilford Logan, archeologist, and Refuge Manager Kermit Dybsetter were alerted. Then came the climaxing and hoped-for clue—an unearthed box was labeled: "Stores—Bertrand"!

Later another box came up. It was marked: "Mining Boots. Destination: Virginia City, Montana." Then the parade really began: ladies fancy all-wool drawers, powderkegs, champagne bottles, silk-fringed lingerie, tools, beaver hats, crane hooks, tinned tomatoes and meat, firebrick, butter churns, whiskey glasses. *The Bertrand* had sailed with all these items—and more.

For 104 years this ship had been gripped in moist sand and silt. Because her cargo items are now most rare, each was meticulously uncovered, minutely examined, identified and catalogued, and often photographed in color. Such artifacts are cleansed by special technicians, then baked within a wax-mixture to prevent damage by drying. Some are sent to special laboratories.

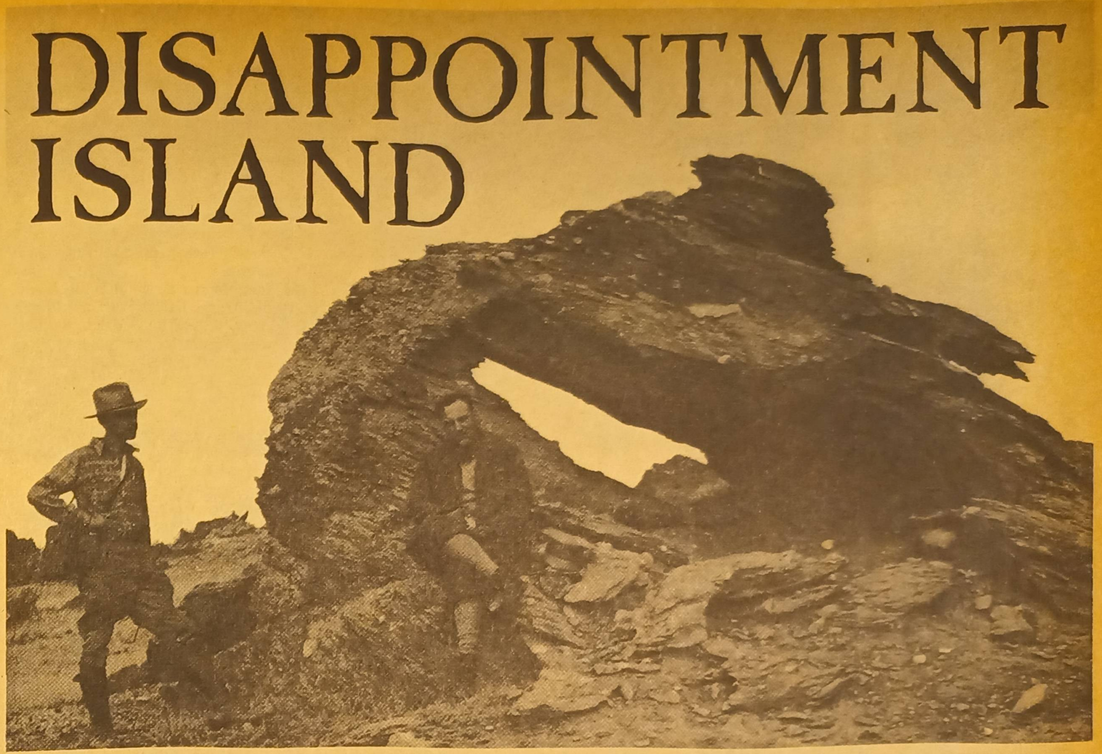
Each day, as various items illuminating 1865 America were recovered, personnel from the National Park Service, Federal Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, the Smithsonian Institution, the General Services Administration, and state historical societies inspected the rare merchandise. Several Civil War cannonballs, rigged with shrapnel-producing timers, were found. With these, Gettysburg's Battlefield visitors can now see genuine 1865 artillery "ammo."

AFTER federal officials inspected the ship's site, plans were announced for a $4,800,000 tourist development. It would include a museum to house the old river steamer and her artifacts; an elevated sightseeing center where tourists might observe some of the million ducks and 250,000 geese that anually visit here, as well as the deer, coyotes and other wildlife found in the 8,100-acre refuge. Miles of nature trails and boatways would be built. *The Bertrand* would be scientifically reburied to thwart decomposition while awaiting her museum home.

As for the two fortune-hunters, under the 1906 federal Antiquities Act (which covers most of the 400 sunken Missouri River steamers), the men were eligible to keep 60% of what they recovered—excluding those all-important artifacts. But what about the negotiable fortune presumably once aboard this ship? Or close to where she sank?

(Continued on page 44)

DISAPPOINTMENT ISLAND

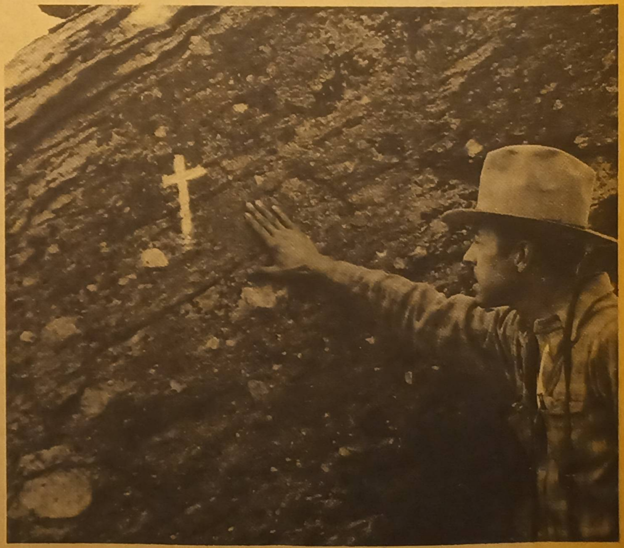


The summit of Fremont Island, showing the curious erosion of the hard schist made by the waves of old Lake Bonneville. The cross inscribed by Kit Carson on his visit to the island is on the opposite side of the rock. Below, the author inspects the cross carved by Carson back in 1844.

Have you ever pried open a mysterious box and found it empty? Lake Bonneville was floating a box like that, back in the trappers' days . . .

By CHARLES KELLY

Photos Courtesy Author



MANY YEARS AGO I met an old Irish prospector who traveled all over the West hunting for minerals. He had a great many interesting tales to tell of his experiences. Among other things he told me that there was a cross carved on the summit of Fremont Island with the name of a Catholic missionary and the date 1683. This story made me anxious to visit the island in the Great Salt Lake and see this early inscription for myself, but there was then no way to reach it.

It was ten years before I had an opportunity to visit the island and verify the old prospector's story. The chance came when Dr. Thomas C. Adams, professor of engineering at the University of Utah, built a boat in which he planned to make a new survey of the lake. He invited me to accompany him on a two-day expedition and I was happy to have the opportunity of visiting Fremont Island.

Originally this island had been called "Disappointment" by Fremont when he visited it in 1844. The Rocky Mountain trappers of earlier days had dreamed up wondrous tales of what they

(Continued on page 35)

Courtesy Nevada City Library

MONUMENT FOR A SHERIFF

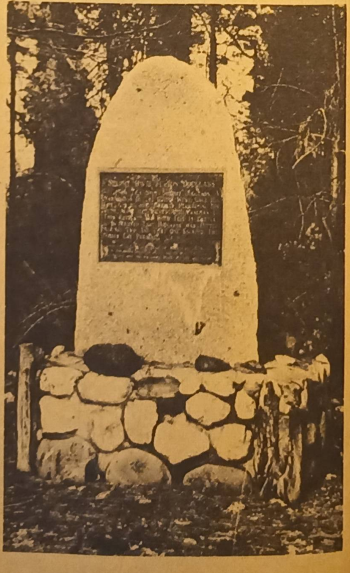
By BRAD A. PROWSE
Photos Courtesy Author

Forty years after the gunfight, a memorial was placed in a clearing where a good man died, a bad man died, and a coward watched and fled

Two men walk along a dusty country road in California's Sierra foothills one warm July afternoon in 1896. They take their time, unaware they are being tracked by a grim-faced man, a Colt's .44 in his hand and a star on his chest. Sheriff Douglass has been hunting these men for two weeks now and he is determined that today, alone, he will bring them to a showdown.

The pair disappear into a thicket and the sheriff follows. A man living near the road looks up as several shots ring out; then comes a louder, stronger report.

Two men have just died in the scrubby underbrush of manzanita and young cedars. Where the bodies of the two fell there will one day be monuments to the bravery of one and the infamy of the other. Only the third man will escape with his life, and his marker will be that of a killer—the mark of Cain.



Above, the monument erected where the lawman was found. At right, Sheriff David Fulton Douglass.

SHERIFF David Fulton Douglass was thirty-eight years old in 1896. A thin wiry man of above average height, he had brown hair and sported a full mustache that curled at the ends.

Douglass was a native of San Joaquin and had worked at cattle raising in Nevada and farming in California before becoming a shotgun messenger for Wells Fargo in 1883. Later he worked as messenger on the Nevada County Narrow Gauge Railroad, covering the Nevada City-Sacramento run.

Douglass quit his job as messenger in 1890 when Sheriff Pascoe of Nevada County appointed him under-sheriff, a position he held until Pascoe was killed in line of duty in 1893. He was then asked to fill out Pascoe's unexpired term, and was elected to that office in the next county election.

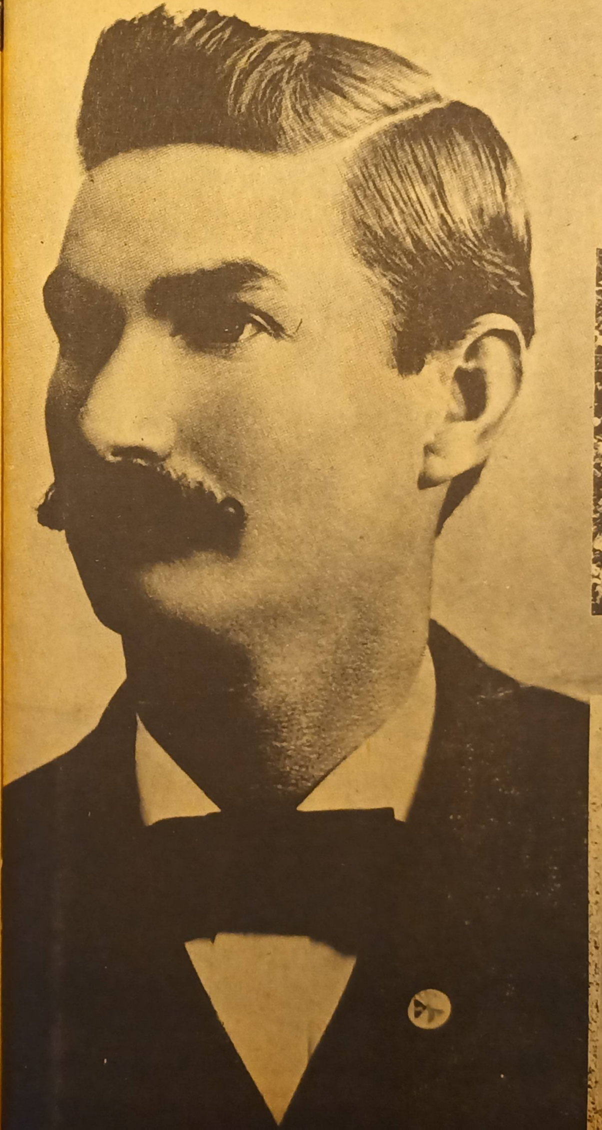
Nevada County lies north and east of Sacramento, encompassing a portion of the Sierra-Nevada foothills and mountains. A sparsely settled area, it is almost as large as some Eastern states yet

(Continued on page 66)

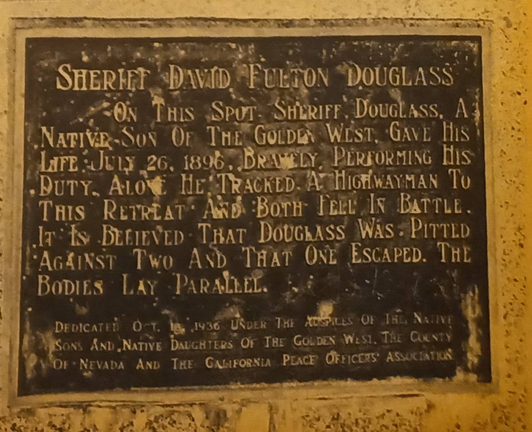
At left, Nevada City, 1895—looking west.

Courtesy Bob Paine Collection

A view of the clearing where the shootout took place.



Above, the slain outlaw's marker. Below, the metal plaque inset of Sheriff Douglass' monument.



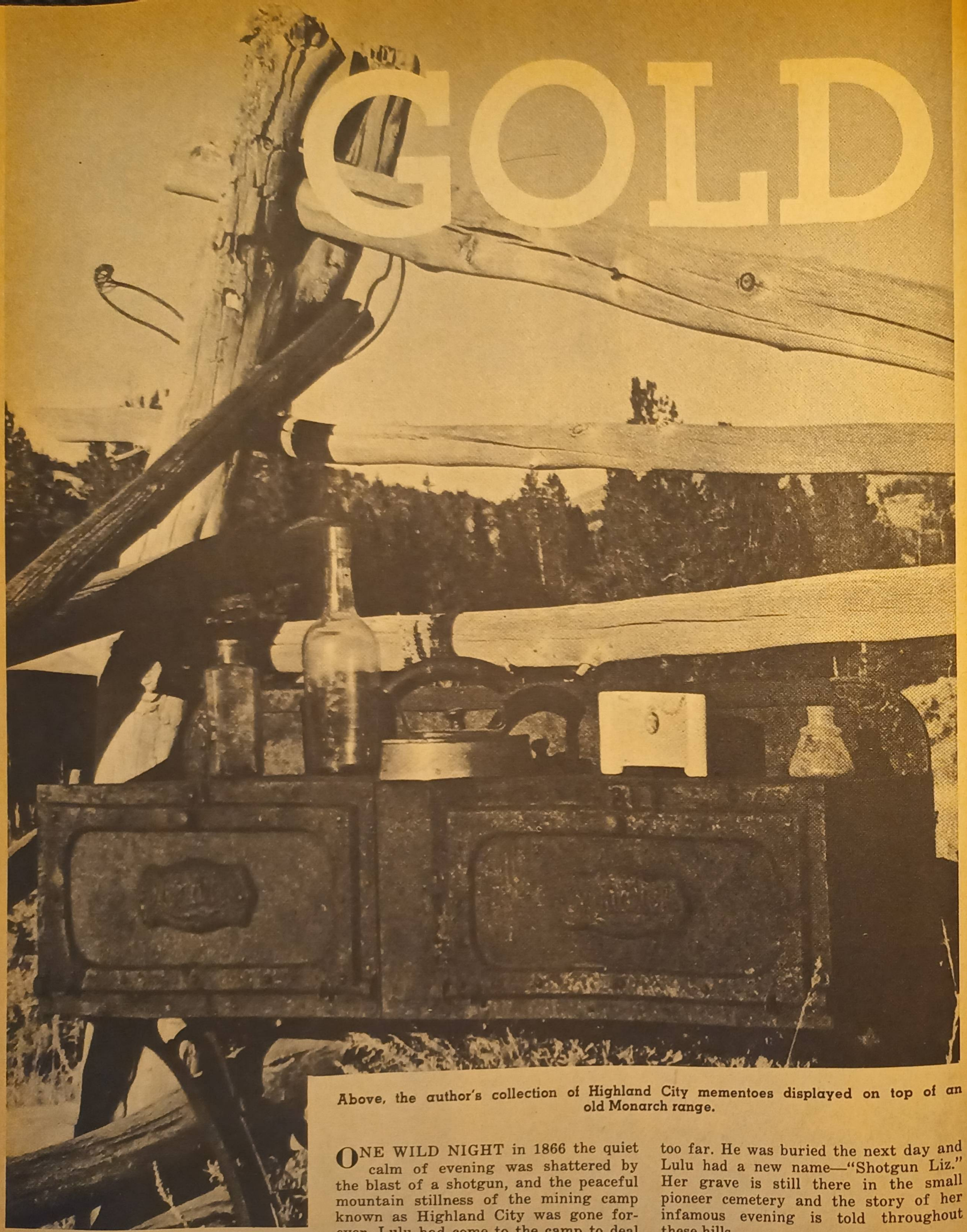
SHERIFF DAVID FULTON DOUGLASS
ON THIS SPOT SHERIFF DOUGLASS, A NATIVE SON OF THE GOLDEN WEST, GAVE HIS LIFE JULY 26, 1896, BRAVELY PERFORMING HIS DUTY. ALONE HE TRACKED A HIGHWAYMAN TO THIS RETREAT AND BOTH FELL IN BATTLE. IT IS BELIEVED THAT DOUGLASS WAS PITTED AGAINST TWO AND THAT ONE ESCAPED. THE BODIES LAY PARALLEL.
DEDICATED OCT. 18, 1936 UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE NATIVE SONS AND NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE GOLDEN WEST, THE COUNTY OF NEVADA AND THE CALIFORNIA PEACE OFFICERS' ASSOCIATION

GOLD-DUST AND SHOTGUN LIZ

A last lovin' look at Highland City, Montana!

By BILL SALLEE

Photos Courtesy Author



Above, the author's collection of Highland City mementoes displayed on top of an old Monarch range.

ONE WILD NIGHT in 1866 the quiet calm of evening was shattered by the blast of a shotgun, and the peaceful mountain stillness of the mining camp known as Highland City was gone forever. Lulu had come to the camp to deal cards in the Fish Creek Saloon and to entertain the tired, dirty miners who came in to drink the locally brewed beer.

On the particular evening of the shotgun blasts she had been bothered by several of the fun loving miners, and one in particular pushed his luck just a little too far. He was buried the next day and Lulu had a new name—"Shotgun Liz." Her grave is still there in the small pioneer cemetery and the story of her infamous evening is told throughout these hills.

We were on an exploration trip through some old Montana ghost towns when we entered a lush green meadow lovingly watered during the hot summer months by Fish Creek. Placer gold had been discovered here in 1866. By late summer of '67 the almost contiguous towns of Red Mountain City and Highland City were recognized as the largest settlement in southern Deer Lodge County (which covered an area from the Highland Mountains north to Canada). Several hundred people lived in the area.

A small log building housed a brewery and the local saloon provided a center for the town's recreational activities. They even had a sawmill, a blacksmith shop, and two general stores. Upstairs over one of the general stores was the meeting place for the Masonic Lodge. The only doctor for miles around lived in Highland City, and he actually treated a few folks on the occasional days when he was sober.

Our metal detector provided us with eyes to see below the surface of the ground and promptly pointed out some hand-wrought nails, stove parts, and much to our pleasure, a "Mrs. Potts" iron. An umbrella ink bottle was found under some decaying lumber and a rather plain cobalt blue medicine bottle was located under an old outhouse back up in the woods. The interior of a long ago collapsed cabin yielded an old whiskey bottle that was not embossed. The true find of the day was a straight razor that my wife found wrapped in oil skin and still in its box. Barely discernible was some writing indicating it had been procured from the "Shuredge Razor Co." and that it had been made in Germany. The label on the razor says it was for "tough wiry beards-tender skin-requires little stropping."

HIGHLAND CITY was accessible only by a toll road during late 1866 and early 1867. The population increased with the arrival of numerous deserters from both the Union and the Confederate armies. The influence of the Confederate soldiers is evident in that the name of the now famous Virginia City was first Varina City. Varina was the first name of Jefferson Davis' wife. The Union faction of the city soon requested a name change and Virginia City took its place among the famous mining camps of the West.

The best friend of Shotgun Liz was a grizzled old miner, Johnny Kern. He took care of her while she was alive and then maintained her grave until his death in 1923. He was a great story teller and his enlarged versions of the early days

(Continued on page 44)

Home to some miner in Highland City's prime, this cabin's weathered remains beckon modern-day relic hunters.

By DANA COX FUNK

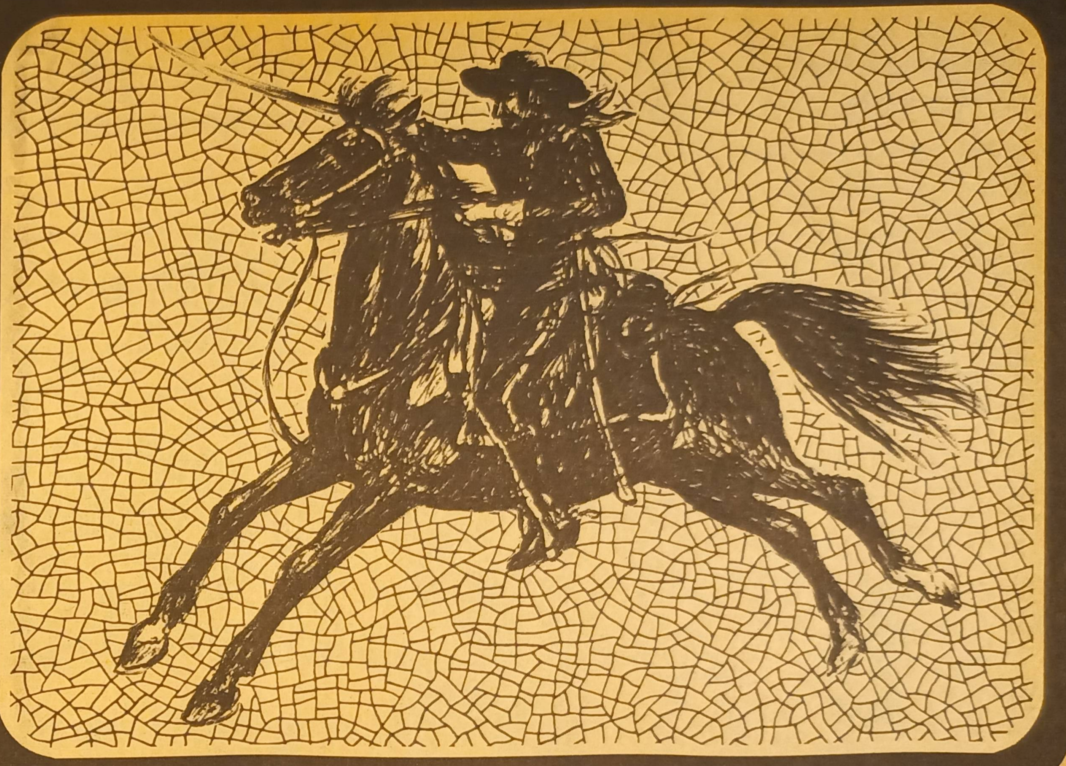
Photos Courtesy Author

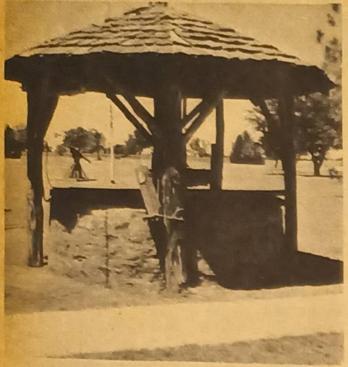
Illustration by Charles Clayton

TYRANNICAL COLONEL OBENCHAIN

★

The measure of his unpopularity can be gauged by the fact that his subordinates considered him expendable at a time when every available white man was needed against the Indians!





Fort Belknap's old water well. It was dug by candlelight at night to escape the heat of the day.

COULD THERE BE a commanding officer more arrogant than the dashing George Armstrong Custer? It is hard to believe, but the Texas frontier had one who was so unmilitary that two of his men killed him—and got away with it.

Brevet Brigadier General William G. Belknap, a veteran of the Mexican War, established a five-company post on the upper Brazos River in June 24, 1851. Belknap was first located at Newcastle, about two miles from the Salt Fork of the Brazos River. It was to become the northern anchor of a second chain of forts and posts from the Rio Grande to the Red for the protection of Texas' frontier.

The site selected for the new post—and the region for twelve miles around—was arid, unproductive, and most deficient in building material. Water was limited in quantity. Quicksand in the Brazos River made crossing at that point difficult. The only thing of value the men found were rich samples of iron and bituminous coal.

The fort was relocated on the left bank of the Brazos, on a high bluff about a half-mile from the river. Its first buildings were constructed of pickets and logs. Corn was stored in an 18′ x 180′ log building roofed with tarpaulins. Quarters for the infantry were six picket log houses, 18′ x 60′, also covered with tarpaulins. Officers quarters and the hospital were similarly crude.

Later a saw mill was used for making joists and other building materials, and more permanent construction got underway. Some 81,000 bricks were made for hearths and various purposes.

To this post came Lieutenant Colonel A. T. Obenchain and his wife Susan. Born into a prominent family in Buchanan County, Virginia, on February 11, 1824, Obenchain had journeyed to Rusk County, Texas, by ox-team in 1853. Two years later at age thirty-one he was teaching at a village school in Weatherford. Later he was elected to the Texas Legislature and soon after went into partnership with B. L. Rickey. In October 1860, they bought *The White Man*, a newspaper which was destroyed by fire the following year.

After the Secession Convention, in which he participated, Obenchain was commissioned second in command of the Frontier Regiment, a detachment of rangers, scouts and guides with several companies of soldiers, one of whose duties was to protect the Marcy Trail, known also as the Old California Trail. Fort Belknap became a stopping place for the Butterfield Stage Line.

OBENCHAIN HAD THE rugged appearance of a frontiersman. He stood well over six feet, was well proportioned and quite dark. He liked to brag that he was a descendant of Pocahontas.

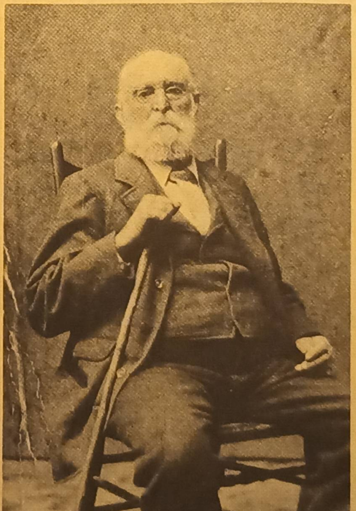
Charles Goodnight served as one of his scouts. In *Charles Goodnight—Cowman and Plainsman* by J. Evetts Haley, he had this to say of Obenchain: "He must have got the command because there was nobody else to get for an officer. He had no idea of frontier service and would give the scout enough work in one day to do for two. We did not pretend to obey orders. We would get out of his sight and do the best we could.

"Captain Cureton was popular with the regiment, but Obenchain had to be military and put on all sorts of dog that they were not used to. He was tyrannical and arrogant, and straight-way assumed unfitting military airs about which he merely had read, and to which the frontier men were unaccustomed. He openly and continually stated that an officer should never associate or be familiar with his men, and kept himself entirely aloof except to give us tyrannical orders."

Obenchain and Cureton were as different in their personalities as two men could be. They were from two different types of families. Cureton was of frontier stock and knew the common people. Obenchain was from wealthy German plantation owners and did not understand the frontier conditions or those who were trying to cope with them.

Captain Cureton lived at Fort Belknap with his family and a few of his slaves. When not out scouting, some of the rangers boarded for a while with the Curetons.

Ill feeling between Cureton and Obenchain had been building, and finally came to a head when Obenchain read a general order that families could not live at the ranger camp. Cureton refused to move his family. Obenchain ordered that under no conditions could men board at the Captain's home. Tude Whatley and Rex Stockton, who at the time were Cureton boarders, openly quarreled with Obenchain.



Edmund Obenchain, the author's great-great-grandfather, and cousin of Col. A. T. Obenchain.

It was not long before Cureton was placed under arrest for insubordination. Cureton did not always abide by military rules and this was one of the reasons for his arrest. He was placed in the guard house on June 5, 1862, to await a general court-martial.

Obenchain, with Cureton out of his way, started to prepare for an expedition. Charles Goodnight and Woolfork were the scouts selected to lead it. Goodnight, as main guide, led Obenchain and his fifty men up the Elm and over the plains.

It was Goodnight's responsibility to find water. About sundown one day he called a halt to the column. Asked why the stop, Goodnight replied that the next water was about fifteen or twenty miles ahead and the horses were already suffering from the long march. Obenchain argued that water could not be more than five miles and gave orders to keep moving. After marching until eleven o'clock, Obenchain called a halt to make camp. He found some buffalo tracks that had filled from a shower occurring only a few minutes before and, dismounting, sucked up enough water to satisfy his thirst.

Later that night Goodnight took all the canteens he could carry and slipped down to a river close by. He filled the canteens, and the Colonel never knew about the fresh water.

Obenchain had a Melish map that he followed to the last letter. It did not show the Pease or Wichita Rivers and had the North and South Canadian as the Red and Brazos. He put all his faith into this map and would not listen to Goodnight or any of the other scouts when they tried to point out the errors.

AFTER A MARCH of one hundred miles the command reached the Staked Plains, famous for their distorted mirages. The Colonel spotted some puzzling shapes in a mirage and asked the scout what they were. The reply was "antelopes." Obenchain was unconvinced and declared they were Indians. He decided to make an attack.

Knowing that the horses were of very poor quality and that all could not keep

(Continued on page 54)

Whether he was preparing for a guest or investigating a murder

FINN HAD HIS OWN SPECIAL TOUCH!

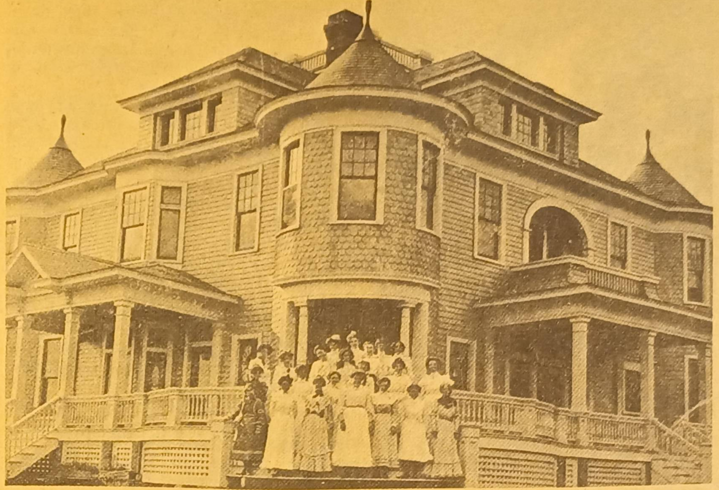
J. Maurice Finn, an attorney who sometimes went to extreme measures to win a case.

By RUFUS L. PORTER

Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS late afternoon of Christmas Day, 1901 and two men were engaged in the gruesome business of sawing off the top of a murdered man's skull in the dark, windowless 10′ by 12′ room at the rear of Fairly and Lahpman's undertaking rooms on Third Street in Cripple Creek, Colorado.

James Roberts had been murdered about 4 a.m. in a saloon on Myers Avenue by being hit over the head with the butt of a .45 calibre pistol which was wielded by William Brooks, proprietor of the Dawson Club.



Anticipating a visit by Teddy Roosevelt to Cripple Creek, Finn decided to construct a home suitable for the Vice-President's stay. The $40,000 mansion, complete with a special "Roosevelt Room," was truly the finest dwelling in Cripple Creek.

Roberts had become argumentative and had been making threats about what he would do to some of Brooks' customers. He had obviously had a few drinks too many, and was ordered to leave the place. At the door he turned to make a few pointed remarks.

The enraged Brooks grabbed up a pistol he kept handy behind the bar, rushed over, and whacked Roberts severely on the head with the butt of the pistol. Roberts slumped to the floor, but it was some time before the men in the saloon realized they had witnessed a murder. They kept trying to bring Roberts to by splashing water in his face and trying to pour a little medicinal hooch down his throat. When they became aware that he was assuredly dead, they were for dragging the "stiff" out into the alley to be found come daylight. But Brooks called the police.

Arrested for murder, he summoned the noted criminal attorney, J. Maurice Finn, to come to his defense. Finn was the

Below, a look at the lavish main parlor in Finn's grand home.

same lawyer who had built a mansion—later to be called "Finn's Folly" by the townspeople—for the entertainment of Teddy Roosevelt in the spring of 1901.

The story of this extraordinary man represents a fascinating episode in the annals of Colorado history. Born at St. Clair, Michigan October 10, 1857, he made his start in the world as a clerk in a tea store in Detroit at $1.50 per week. The young Irishman felt that he was meant for greater things, however, and by the time he was twenty-five he had been admitted to the bar. By 1886 he was off and running for Congress as a Democrat in an overwhelmingly Republican district. The audacious young man lost by only 2,000 votes. He made another try against a popular veteran congressman in 1892, shortly before coming to Cripple Creek.

Originally Finn had been sent west to investigate a gold claim called the Blackbird, "somewhere in Colorado," in 1892. Arriving in Denver, he heard of the great new gold camp near Colorado Springs which was called Cripple Creek. Finn, always one to act on impulse, resigned from his quest for the Blackbird and hied himself to Cripple Creek, where he soon became famous for his handling of claim disputes, law suits and criminal cases. His courtroom behavior was always sensational, and he was a consistent winner.

By 1900 he had become a power in Teller County though his luck in politics never approached his success in the courtroom. Finn often ran for office, first as mayor (an election he lost by only forty-six votes) and then as state representative, but he never succeeded in winning. His fame as a trial lawyer made him justly famous, however, especially as counsel for the defense in criminal cases, and this explains why Brooks naturally turned to Finn in his unhappy predicament.

BROOKS SWORE THAT he had not meant to kill Roberts, but only wanted to shut him up. "He was shootin' off his mouth and annoyin' my customers," he said. Finn believed Brooks was innocent of intent to kill and promised to do what he could, although the case looked pretty hopeless.

Being the accused's attorney, he felt obligated to view the body of the deceased, so he paid a visit to the morgue. Finn could see, by the one feeble light from the ceiling, that Roberts' skull had not only been cracked, but that the scalp was opened for a few inches.

His curiosity aroused, Finn inspected the wound more closely and made a discovery that he believed could be of some use at the trial. This discovery was that Roberts had possessed an unusually thin skull. The bone was thin and porous as human skulls go, and it resembled more the shell of an egg than bone.

The first Christmas tree that Finn's family enjoyed in the newly constructed mansion.

This was the room that Finn enjoyed most in his sprawling mansion.

Finn contacted Cripple Creek's most noted surgeon, Dr. J. W. Sanders, who was intrigued with the attorney's description of Roberts' skull. Sanders returned with Finn to the morgue—taking along a few of the tools of his trade hidden under his overcoat, just in case.

By now the power had been shut off and the place was as dark as a tunnel. No one was around except a teen-age nightwatchman. The boy knew both men and happily departed when they gave him a dollar to leave them alone for awhile with "their friend," the murdered man. The youngster was half-scared to death to be there anyhow.

By the light of a flickering kerosene lamp the doctor immediately saw that Finn was right about the skull, one which Sanders said was most unusual among the species known as *homo sapiens*. The skull was almost spongy, and very thin.

Finn now proposed a daring plan by which he hoped to obtain a lighter verdict for his client than the charge of murder in the first degree. He asked the doctor to saw off the skull and present it to the prosecutor shortly before the trial. Material evidence must be introduced by the state and Finn knew full well that he (Finn) had better not try to bring it in as evidence.

Dr. Sanders wanted the skull for his collection of human oddities, so he readily agreed to Finn's bold plan. He peeled off the scalp, laid it over Roberts' face, and then proceeded with the grisly work of sawing off the skull, a scene that made Finn thoroughly sick.

Told to hunt for something with which to stuff the opening in Roberts' head when the doctor had finished, Finn first offered some crumpled newspapers, but was told they wouldn't do. So Finn hunted further, by the dim light of the smoky lamp, and came up with a large, dirty towel which the doctor found satisfactory. He stuffed the towel in the skull-less head and sewed the scalp back together, doing such an artistic job that no one would ever suspect that unauthorized surgery had been performed on Roberts' corpse.

WHILE FINN WAS busy at the morgue, his family was celebrating their first Christmas in the mansion that would come to be called Finn's Folly. He had become an admirer of Teddy Roosevelt when Teddy visited the gold district during his campaign for vice-president in 1900. Teddy mentioned to the lawyer that he planned a return visit the next spring to dedicate the Cripple Creek Short Line Railroad.

Finn didn't believe there was a home in Cripple Creek good enough for a vice-president of the United States, and especially for one named Theodore Roosevelt. So he set to work immediately to change the situation by having built a $40,000 mansion with a special "Roosevelt Room" in which Teddy could relax and sleep after his long journey and the night on the town that the hospitable Finn planned to give him.

Roosevelt duly arrived and was duly impressed with the mansion, which was fifty feet square, three stories high,

(Continued on page 68)

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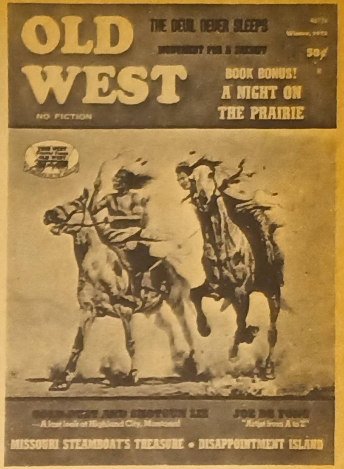

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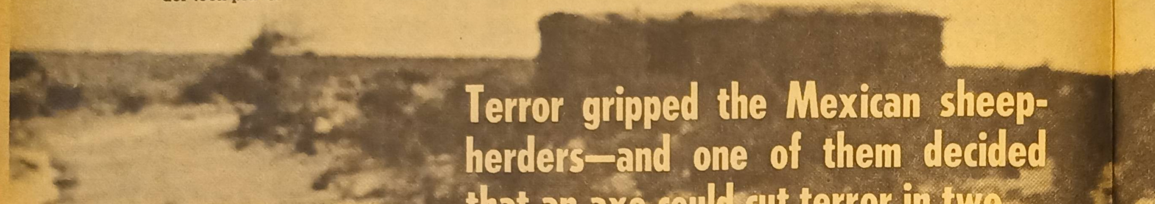
THE DEVIL NEVER SLEEPS

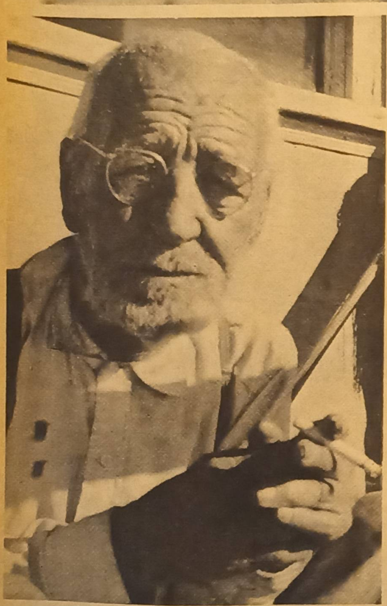
By MONK LOFTON

Photos Courtesy Author



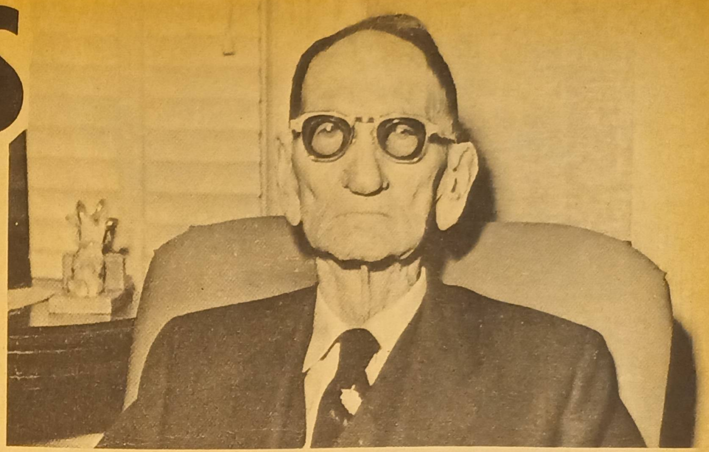
Some say it was in this lonely hovel on Washington Ranch that the gruesome murder took place.

Terror gripped the Mexican sheepherders—and one of them decided that an axe could cut terror in two...

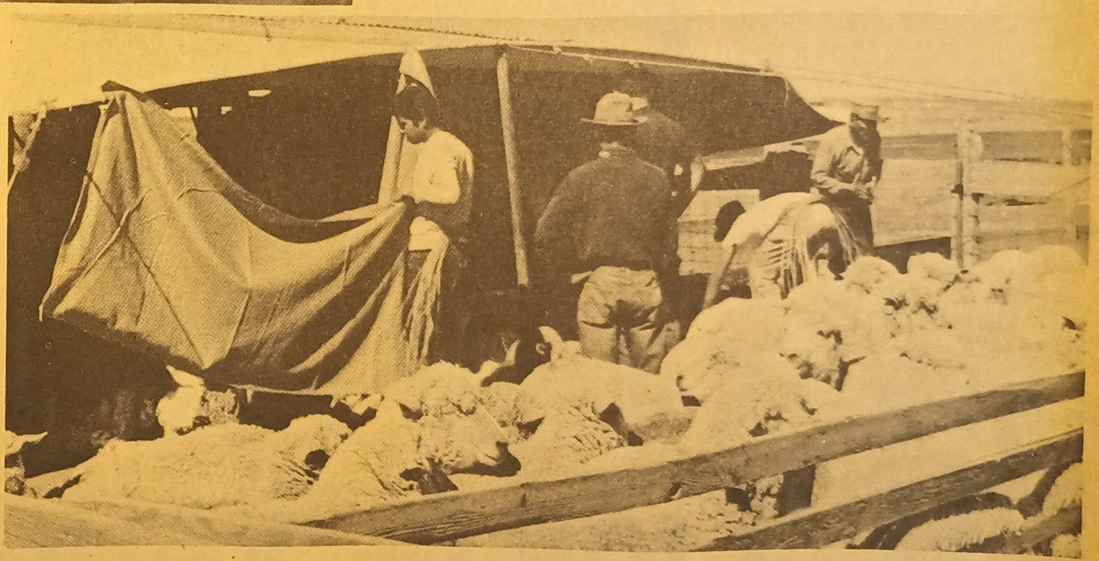


Above, The Guadalupe Mountain country of southeastern New Mexico still spawns many strange superstitions.

At left, Jim Pickett, who lived for 40 years in a lonely cave in the Guadalupes, knew Chappo well, but refused to talk about him.



Above, ex-Marshal Dee Harkey denied any knowledge of who murdered the old herder. He claims he was out of the county at the time. Below, sheep shearing in the Guadalupes is still an exciting profession, even though the herders have dwindled in numbers.



IT WAS over fifteen years ago, when we first moved to New Mexico, that I overheard two old Mexican men in Seven Rivers talking about Chappo. Later I learned that El Diablo, as he was also called, was the evil central figure of a legend along the Pecos River.

"The devil he was," one of the elderly Mexicans was explaining to the other. "I was there the night before he was chopped to bits and pieces with an ax!"

"Weren't you also there the next morning when they found the mutilated body?" his listener asked.

"Yes, and it was the body of the devil!"

"Isn't it also true that the young herder who killed Chappo said he was attacked by something inhuman during the night?"

"It *is* the truth—it was Chappo, himself, who was inhuman. I know of his attacking other herders who spent the night in his lonely shack."

"You knew him well?"

"I was a young herder myself, and I knew and hated and feared Chappo. As to what form the devil takes in the early hours of the morning, I do not know; but I do know he becomes evil and inhuman."

"Ah, El Diablo, for sure!" responded the other old man, who was also frightened by the mention of Chappo's exploits, even a half-century after his death.

"I would like to think that he rests in peace; but of course, like everyone else who knew him, I still see him in my sleep as the devil he really was!"

There was a moment of silence, then the nervous pronouncement: "Some claim to see him occasionally even today in their waking hours."

The narrator paused, and after a moment's reflection, added, "A few times in the early morning hours, I have seen his twisted old body roaming the banks of the Pecos River—even after these many years."

"I am not doubtful of what you say," answered his superstitious listener. "It is said with good authority, 'The devil, himself, never sleeps!' "

In view of their sincerity, I made a mental note of their conversation for my questioning of the controversial eighty-five-year-old Dee Harkey, who then lived in Carlsbad where the legend originated.

"Chappo? Sure I knew him," Harkey readily admitted in one of several interviews that I had with him between 1956 and 1958. "Most of the Mexicans were afraid of him—called him 'El Diablo'; but some of the Mexican sheepherders who were always hanging around his shack seemed to like him."

"And you?" I asked, a question which he quietly ignored.

"Now if you could get a certain old man from Loving to admit it, he knew Chappo pretty well. In fact, rumors had it that he may have been a nephew, or something, to Chappo. I think there was some kinship even though his family naturally flat denied it, both before and after Chappo was killed."

"It is my understanding the old man was done in by a young sheepherder. Did you know the murderer?" I asked straight out, knowing it would be impossible to trap the old ex-marshal into giving me any more information than he desired.

"It could have been one of a hundred herders," Harkey reflected with extreme caution. "I was working out of Carlsbad at the time. All I know about the incident was hearsay—strictly hearsay."

It seemed that Harkey tried to let it go at that, but an excited light appeared in his old eyes. "It happened sometime after midnight, following a party of some sort attended by several young herders of the Guadalupe Mountain area." he said.

"All I know is that one of the ganchos and Chappo were left alone in Chappo's old shack, and a killing took place." (There are several colloquial meanings of "gancho"—one the $15 or $20 paid a herder by the rancher for a night on the town before reporting in for a six months or one year contract of sheepherding. Sometimes the recipient of such a payment was termed a "gancho.")

At any rate, Harkey said, "It was early the next morning that they found the gancho stumbling out the door of Chappo's shack in a daze, muttering, 'El Diablo!'

"In the herder's hand was a blood-covered ax, and I shudder to think of the mess he had made of Chappo's bald

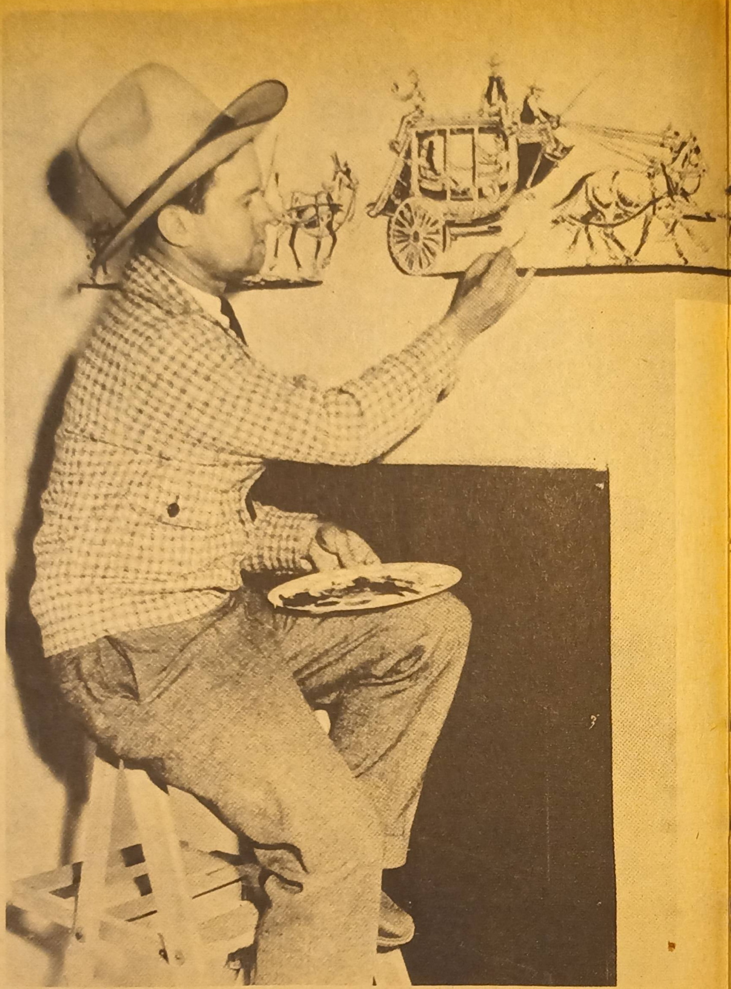
(Continued on page 46)

JOE DE YONG

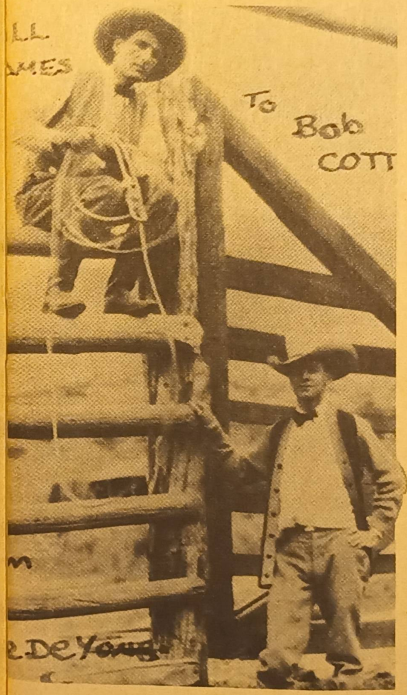
"Artist from A to Z"

By ROBERT L. COTTON

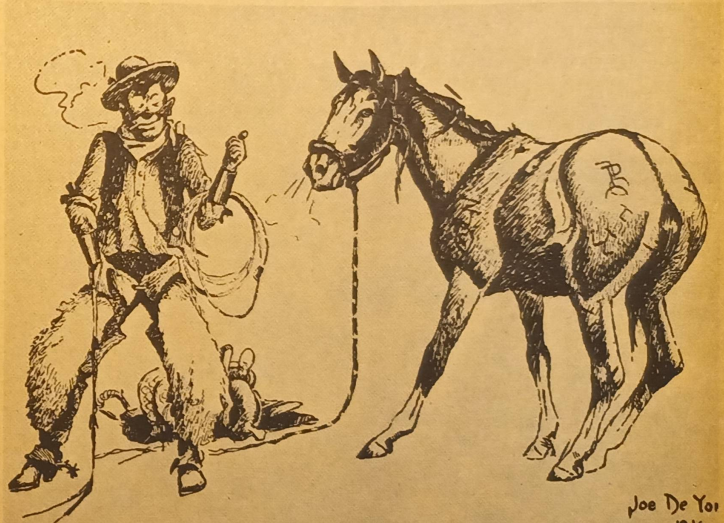
Photos Courtesy Author



At left, Joe De Yong at work on a western mural at the Rancheros Club in Santa Barbara, in 1938. Below, on the top rail is artist, writer and cowboy Will James, one of the many who shared in the preservation of the West in oils, with Joe De Yong, standing.



Above, Joe De Yong at age 10, on the "hurricane deck" of a mustang cow pony. Below, one of the first rodeo programs ever issued in the U.S. was also one of De Yong's first paid illustrations.



"ME AND HIM'S GOIN' TO MIX IT AT THE ROUNDUP"

"DEWEY, INDIAN TERRITORY! Dewey Indian Territory! Next stop!" To six-year old Joe De Yong it seemed the voice of the conductor fairly thundered the words, "Indian Territory." Joe went from one side of the swaying day coach to the other, certain that there would be an Indian attack at any moment—or at the very least, a holdup. No such luck. The big eight-wheeler pulled into the station on time.

Joe was the first one off. He was scooped up by a tall, dark man in a white Stetson hat and Texas-made boots. This was Joe Bartles, grandson of the Delaware Chief and the reason for the De Yong family's arrival in Dewey. Bartles hugged Mary, pounded his old schoolmate on the back, and gathered up their belongings. He led them to the not yet completed Dewey Hotel, pointing out the vacant prairie where the town would be, and the site of the De Yong store.

So this was Joe De Yong's first memory of Joe Bartles, his life-long friend and the first of many famous personalities he was to know. Bartles promoted the Dewey Roundup, one of the truly great early-day roundups. This show attracted the type of cowboys who traveled with the Miller's 101 Wild West Show and other top-hand, working cowboys.

Joe grew up on cowboys and Indians—real cowboys and Indians. Nothing would satisfy him, he had to be a cowboy. Age fourteen found him riding for wages on the Todd-Moore Horseshoe L, where there were no "Sunday Punchers." Along about the year 1911, talk around the ranch was concentrated on that new feller who had come to Dewey and was "a-courting" a pretty little Cherokee, Olive Stokes. At this time "moving pichurs" were gaining in popularity; Tom Mix, a former 101 cowboy, had married that Cherokee beauty from Dewey, and had set about persuading the Selig Motion Picture Company to film a movie starring himself and Olive Stokes Mix. He was successful, and "Life in the Great Southwest" was to be filmed partly on the Horseshoe L.

Joe had a part, as did other local citizens. This part consisted mainly of riding over the hill at just the right time, but it was enough to spark his imagination and dreams of future ventures. When Joe saw the film at the local theater, he changed his mind about being just a cowboy—he had to be a movie cowboy. So 1913 found Joe, as well as several other Oklahoma cowboys, following Tom Mix to Prescott, Arizona where Tom was making more moving pictures. This was well before the Hollywood star system, but Tom was already THE cowboy star. Not only could Tom, himself, ride and rope, he filled the ranks of extras and supporting cast with real cowhands. Many were his friends from the 101 and the Dewey Roundup. Joe was the "Kid" of the outfit and rode pell-mell through the pictures.

Happiness was short-lived for the "Kid." He fell victim to a form of meningitis which left him cross-eyed, without a sense of balance, and totally deaf. Nursed and cared for by his cowboy friends, he regained his sense of balance, and his eyes uncrossed; unfortunately, he never regained his hearing.

AS SOON as he was able, Joe returned to Dewey to start a new life. While being cooped up, so to speak, he renewed an interest in drawing, and carving cowboy figures out of potatoes and bar soap. Joe was not satisfied with the results of his efforts. He recalled having seen Charlie Russell's work at the 1904 World's Fair. When he saw an article in *World's Work* magazine by Russell he decided to write to the artist for help.

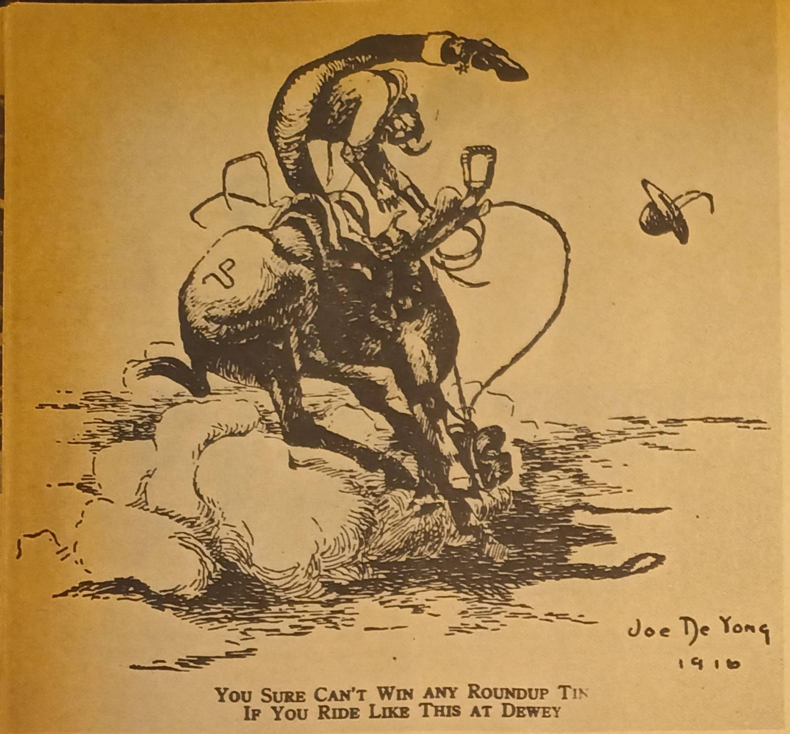
As both the writing and illustrations of Russell were, to Joe, "right off the range," the two of them hit it off from the beginning of their correspondence.

Joe was invited to join Russell in Great Falls, Montana as a student, and became almost a member of the family.

This parent-teacher relationship lasted from 1914 until Russell's death in 1926. Russell, the teacher, was an exacting person, demanding authenticity and detail. Joe was his constant companion, visiting the reservations of the Blackfeet, Gros Ventres, and the Crow. They packed in to remote campsites, capturing the passing of the West wherever they went. It was not all work. Joe was privileged to be on hand for such distinguished visitors as Ed Borein, Will James, Walt Coburn, and Olaf Seltzer.

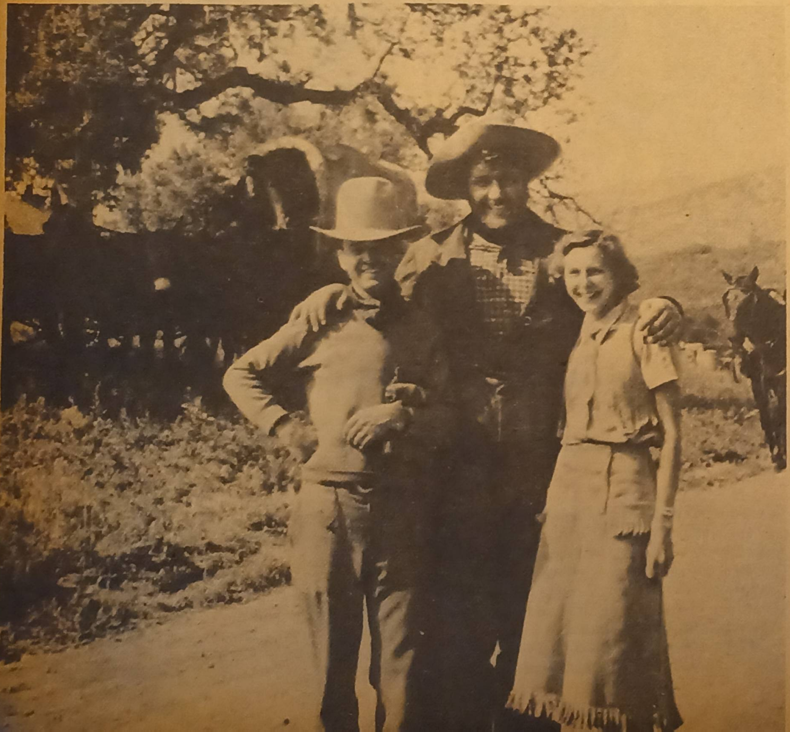
While with the Russells on California visits, Joe renewed his friendships with Tom Mix and Will Rogers, plus meeting and making new friends such as Wm. S. Hart, Harry Carey, Leo Carillo, Buck Jones, Hoot Gibson, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, and many others.

The impressions of the West were burned as deep in Joe's mind as if they had been done with a running iron. He gained national recognition in 1920 when


Joe De Yong
1916
YOU SURE CAN'T WIN ANY ROUNDUP TIN
IF YOU RIDE LIKE THIS AT DEWEY

This horse, branded Seven-up, is a beautiful study of how they really bucked at Dewey. Note the rider still didn't "pull leather."

Below, a location scene from the 1939 production, "Geronimo." Left to right, Joe De Yong, Andy Devine (one of the stars in the movie), and a studio artist, name unknown.



he was selected by Frank B. Linderman to illustrate his book on Montana cowboys. This same year Joe returned to Dewey as the guest of Colonel Joe Bartles for the annual Dewey Roundup, which had become famous as the top show of its kind. Joe's art work for the posters promoting this show surpassed the excellence of the souvenir programs he had started in 1916. Cheyenne Frontier Days and other rodeos adopted this unique idea several years later.

In 1926 Charlie Russell painted his last picture. Joe missed him much. Sorrow, however, was nothing new to Joe—so he threw himself wholeheartedly into his work. He did pencil sketches, oils, and watercolors. He became very active in illustrating, turning out covers for magazines such as *World Illustrated, Ace High Western*, and the popular *Walt Coburn Western Story*.

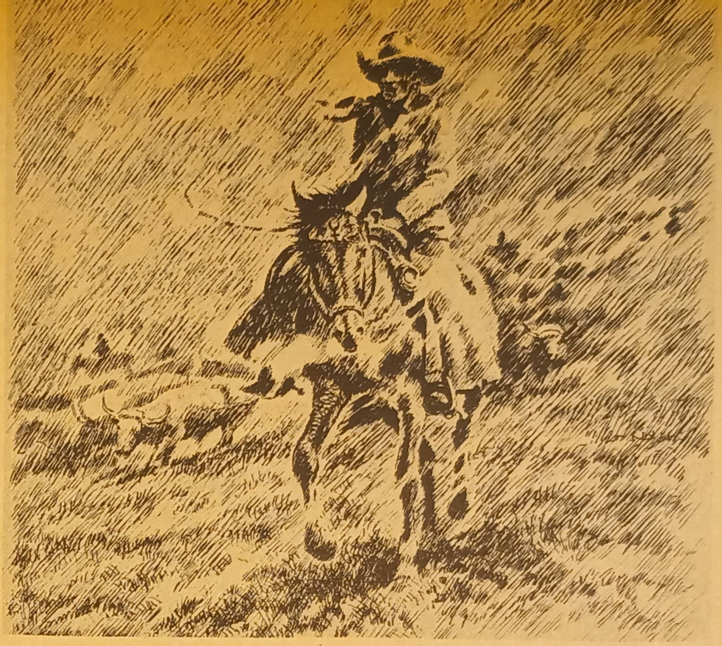
Joe eventually took his place in the art world among the great and the near great. His works may be seen today at the Santa Barbara Rancheros Club, the Brandford Brinton Memorial in Big Horn, Wyoming, and the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma. On display in the Cowboy Hall of Fame is a collection of miniature carvings which Joe made for Nancy Russell as a Christmas present the year after Charlie died.

The cold winters of Montana impelled Joe to move to the milder climate of Santa Barbara. His existence was, like most struggling artists', "Chicken one day, feathers the next." He traveled some, painted when he could, and even worked as a cowhand when necessary. In 1936 a friend Joe had made through the Rancheros Visitadores treks mentioned that C. B. DeMille was looking for a technical advisor for his new picture, "The Plainsman." It turned out that DeMille needed the very knowledge Joe had been storing up for years. Joe joined the director's staff.

DeMille was somewhat like Russell in that he wanted facts, not opinions. The star of "The Plainsman" was a gangling Montana cowboy-turned-actor, Gary Cooper. Cooper, too, had studied art and lived on the ranges Joe knew so well. They became firm friends.

Another DeMille favorite of Joe was "Union Pacific" starring Joel McCrea. McCrea, who owns several De Yong oils, once said, "De Yong worked on all my big pictures, 'Wells Fargo,' 'Buffalo Bill,' and 'The Virginian'."

Joe moved to Hollywood in the early war years. He worked with John Wayne in "Tall in the Saddle" in 1944. Joe De Yong's working script (signed by the principals) and his character sketch of Gabby Hayes are prized possessions in my personal collection. Other well-remembered films to Joe's credit were "The Paleface" for Paramount with Bob Hope, and George Steven's western classic, "Shane," staring Alan Ladd. In "Shane" Joe worked with fellow-Oklahomans Van Heflin and Ben Johnson. He renewed acquaintance with Jean Arthur with whom he worked in his first picture, "The Plainsman." Although Joe virtually retired after this film, he still is asked for advice from time to time.



In 1923 Joe was herding cattle in Montana, and was overtaken by a snowstorm. After he thawed out, Joe put his experience on paper with this sketch.

In the early 1960s a young, redheaded part-Cherokee visited Joe and his mother. He showed Joe some paintings and asked his opinion. Joe's reply was, "In my judgment you have what it takes to make the grade. There will be rough spots, but you will come out on top." De Yong recognized the spark of the Old West in the works of Joe Beeler, who today is one of the leading Western artists and who won the Cowboy Hall of Fame sculpturing award in 1966.

It was on the wall of Beeler's Sedona, Arizona, studio that I spotted a photograph of Joe De Yong. The inscription read, "Joe De Yong, Artist From A to Z." If you had only one phrase to describe Joe, this would just about do it.

Disappointment Island

(Continued from page 19)

suspected might be found there. They believed that this mysterious island which none of them had ever visited might contain many wonderful things, including animals no one had ever seen on the mainland, forests of great trees, and possibly some prehistoric people. They believed the lake had an enormous whirlpool where lake waters drained into the sea through underground channels. Fremont was half convinced of the truth of some of these tales and decided to visit the isolated island while on his third expedition to the West. In preparation he had ordered an inflatable boat made of rubberized fabric.

The boat was eighteen feet long and on Fremont's way West had been used several times in fording streams. It had proved quite successful, so he planned to use it to paddle to the trappers' mysterious island.

Fremont and his explorers camped at the mouth of Weber River and made preparation for the journey onto Great Salt Lake. The boat was inflated with a bellows and loaded with fresh water, food, and blankets for an overnight trip. They launched the boat on the lake on September 9, 1844, with five men on board including Fremont and Kit Carson. By noon they had reached the island and begun their exploration. They found no forests, no sign of animal life, no traces of Indians, or anything else of any particular interest.

On their return next day they ran into a succession of high waves of heavy salt water whipped up by the wind, which made paddling difficult and began to loosen the seams of the rubber boat. The fabric, merely pasted together with some kind of cement, could not withstand the effects of heavy salt water and the action of the waves. Halfway back to the mainland conditions got so bad that the men despaired of ever reaching shore. Salt water began pouring through the broken seams as fast as it could be bailed out. The men paddled furiously and eventually reached safety, soaked and breathless.

At camp that night on Weber River Fremont decided to name the island Disappointment, a name it bore until 1849 when Captain Howard Stansbury was commissioned to make an official survey of the entire lake. He decided to rename the island Fremont in honor of the first white man to set foot there, and that name has been continued to the present day.

When Dr. Adams and I reached the island in his specially built boat with outboard motor, the first thing I did was climb to the summit and look for the cross which the old prospector had described. The peak of the island is composed of an oddly shaped outcrop of schist, through which the waves of old Lake Bonneville had worn a hole. Walking around this rock exposure I found the cross, evidently cut with a steel chisel. It showed up clear against the dark rock. But there was no name and no date. The Irish prospector, being a devout Catholic and using his Irish imagination, had persuaded himself that he had seen a name and date and had told the yarn so many times that he believed it himself.

Several years later I discovered a book, the biography of Kit Carson dictated by himself, in which he stated definitely that before leaving the island in 1844 he had climbed to the summit and there cut a cross on a black rock outcrop. And that was that. The mystery of the cross on Fremont island was solved.

When Fremont was there he carried a small telescope to survey the distant features of the lake. In leaving the summit he forgot to replace the cap of his telescope and did not discover his mistake until he reached camp on the mainland. He mentions this in the description of his explorations, which has been read by thousands of history students. Every man who has ever visited the island since that time has looked for the brass cap of Fremont's telescope. One student at the University of California made a special trip to look for it and claimed to have found it; but his story was a falsehood. Actually it was found by a man named Miller, a Mormon, who was the first to graze sheep on the island, and the relic remained in the Miller family for many years. It has since been lost but it was seen by many persons before it finally disappeared.

Lone Scouts Old-Timers

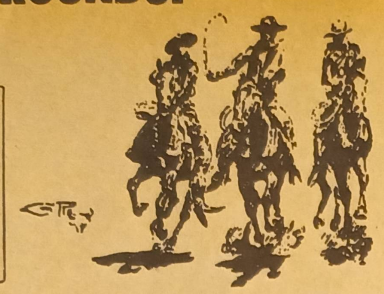
If you are a LONE SCOUT old-timer I want to communicate with you. You will be one of those 500,000 boys who joined the LONE SCOUTS of AMERICA, founded by William D. Boyce, Chief Totem, in 1915 through early 1924 when the LSA was merged with the Boy Scouts of America.

You were one who corresponded and exchanged hobby items with distant fellow scouts; you did degree work; you printed a tribe paper or perhaps belonged to one or more mail tribes; you may or may not have been successful in having art, cartoons, articles or stories published in the *Lone Scout Magazine*.

Since 1927 the LSA Alumni has been seeking former Lone Scouts. Write to me and you will learn more about the finest unorganized bunch of which you can become a part. Denver was chosen for our 1972 reunion, which will be our 35th. —John H. Nyssen, 712 Vernon Avenue, Williamsport, Pennsylvania 17701

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos



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GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

As a former resident of the county, your reviewer was delighted with the first revised edition of *People—Events and Erath County, Texas* (available from Ennis Favors, Attorney, 2050 Crestridge Drive, Stephenville, Texas 76401, $3.95—Texas residents add 5% sales tax). It was written by Favor's daughter, Wilma Jean Schuetz, and his granddaughter, Arden Jean Schuetz, and one suspects the attorney provided much of the information plus some editorial assistance. So many names of people known to your reviewer were mentioned in the book that it was rather like old home week. This is not a run-of-the-mill county history with long lists of county officials, preachers, teachers, postmasters et al. The emphasis is on people and happenings of interest—it is good reading and other local historians could learn much from it. The Snow murders, the Haunted McDow Water Hole, Chili Willie settling a bill, and the story of once-booming Thurber, now a ghost town, are among the more interesting incidents included. Recommended.

FOR THE TREASURE BUFFS

Forgotten Mines and Treasures (Tombstone Nugget Publishing Co., $2.50 paperback) by Wayne Winters, writer and former editor of the Tombstone *Epitaph*, is a series of articles about potential mines or lost mines which originally appeared in the *Epitaph* and *Prospector*. Using his knowledge of previous reports of a rich mine long since forgotten, Winters recently purchased the property for both its silver potential and land values. He claims many such opportunities exist for modern day treasure seekers just as they did in the golden era just before and just after the turn of the century. Most of the newspaper accounts are for Arizona locations, but several each are included for California, Nevada, New Mexico, and Texas. Gold and jewels are mentioned in South America, and a silver mine in Georgia is reported. The information in the short articles plus the general location map included should whet the appetite of modern prospectors and treasure hunters.

THE FEMININE TOUCH

Wily Women of the West (The Naylor Co., $4.95) by Grace Ernestine Ray brings together under one cover the unusual exploits of the likes of Flora Quick alias "Tom King," Belle Starr, Martha Canary alias "Calamity Jane," Pearl Hart, Pauline Cushman Fryer, "Poker Alice" Tubbs, Ella Watson alias "Cattle Kate," Elizabeth (Baby Doe) McCourt Tabor, Ann Bassett Willis, Cattle Annie, Little Britches and others of the fair sex who held their own or outdid notorious males of the early West. Some were beautiful, talented, gentle—others were rough, mean and coarse. But all of them added the feminine touch in one way or another to practically every activity on the frontier. Most of the Wily Women would make modern women's lib activists pretty tame by comparison. Authoress Ray, Professor Emeritus of Journalism at the University of Oklahoma, has written many articles for metropolitan newspapers and national magazines. Her book is well illustrated and has a bibliography and index. Her brief sketches will hold your interest and make you want to read more about the women included in her book.

TEXAS GHOSTS

800 Texas Ghost Towns (Frontier Book Publishers, Fort Davis, Texas 79734, $3.50) was compiled by Ed Bartholomew, writer-editor-publisher, a top bookman. Ed packs a lot of information—location, dates of settlement and disappearance and function—into the brief entries. There is a folding map laid in that will help those interested in locating the sites (and remnants) of these Texas ghosts. Not a history but certainly a useful guide.

BOBWIRE PICTORIAL

Barbed Wire Handbook & Pricing Guide (Textbooks, P.O. Box 3862, San Angelo, Texas 76901, $3.50) was compiled by Thomas Edward Turner. It is short on text but long on illustrations—the 418 authentic drawings will be most helpful in identifying the wire of the numerous manufacturers. The reviewer is a mite suspicious of prices in handbooks of this kind, yet they do provide starting points for negotiations. But if anyone thinks he can buy this reviewer's mounted piece of the XIT drift fence wire at Turner's price he sure is in for a surprise! Useful.

TRAGEDY IN VERSE

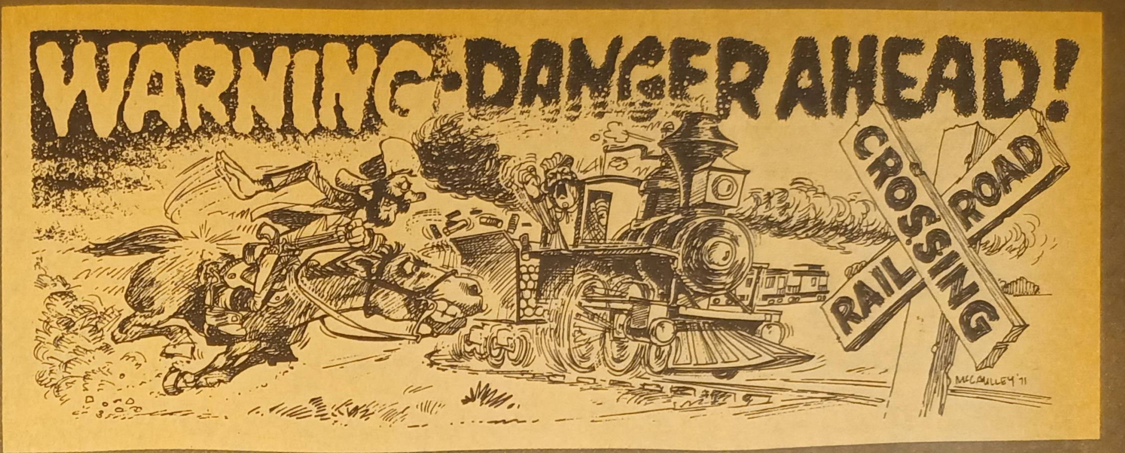
The Donner Party (George Braziller, New York and Doubleday, Canada, Ltd., $6.50) by George Keithley is an unique rendering of the well-known debacle of the wagon train which began in Illinois and ended in California in 1846-47. Mr. Keithley's account in verse, 253 pages, weaves an exciting story—part fact, part fiction from which emerges the strong characterization of party members, the vivid details of hardship and suffering, and the final catastrophe high in the Sierras. Book One is the beginning of dirt farmers abandoning their land and "taking the Trail," the robbing of a Sioux funeral scaffold and the trial crossing the plains and dealing with Indians, as well as other adventures. Book Two deals with general hardships of the trail, cutting roads through timber, and a death. Book Three tells of the deep snows, winter cold, starvation—and worse. Whether this version of the *Donner Party* is classed as history, drama or fiction, or all three, each reader will have to decide for himself. The reading is easy and interesting. Portions of *The Donner Party* previously appeared in *Harper's*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *The North American Review*. Keithley, an Associate Professor of English at Chico State College, Chico, California is co-editor, with Charles V. Genthe, of *Themes in American Literature*.

PASS PICTORIAL

El Paso in Pictures (Guynes Printing Co., 614 N. Stanton, El Paso, Texas 79901, $15) was compiled by native El Pasoan, Frank Mangan—he also was responsible for the design, typography and layout and a dandy overall job it is! In over 260 photos, many never before included in a book, Mangan tells the story of El Paso—there is but little text and not much is needed as the pictures speak for themselves. In addition to the photos, the early history is illustrated by such well known El Paso artists as Tom Lea, Jose Cisneros and Russell Waterhouse. If it happened in El Paso, Mangan found a picture to fit the event. Worthwhile.

AS THE CHEYENNES RECOLLECT

A reprint, *Cheyenne Memories* (University of Nebraska Press, $2.25) by John Stands in Timber and Margot Liberty presents a history of the Cheyennes as they themselves remember and interpret it. Born in 1884, Stands In Timber was the grandson of a brave killed in the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Becoming a self-appointed historian of the Cheyennes, he spent most of his adult life accumulating the personal histories of numerous Indians who participated personally in major wars with the U. S. Army. In 1915 he was joined by anthropologist Margot Liberty who helped him sort the salient facts from voluminous stories of Cheyenne history and lore. The book is loaded with authentic details of tribal culture, fights with other tribes, battles with the U. S. Army, early reservation life, the ghost dance, and introduction to white education and civilizing influences. This one is made for those seeking history straight from the Indian's mouth. The outstanding authority, Robert M. Utley, assisted the authors with their manuscripts.



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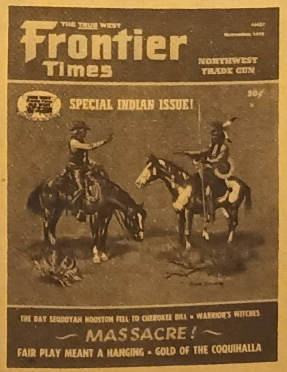
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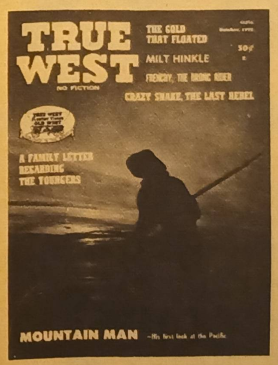

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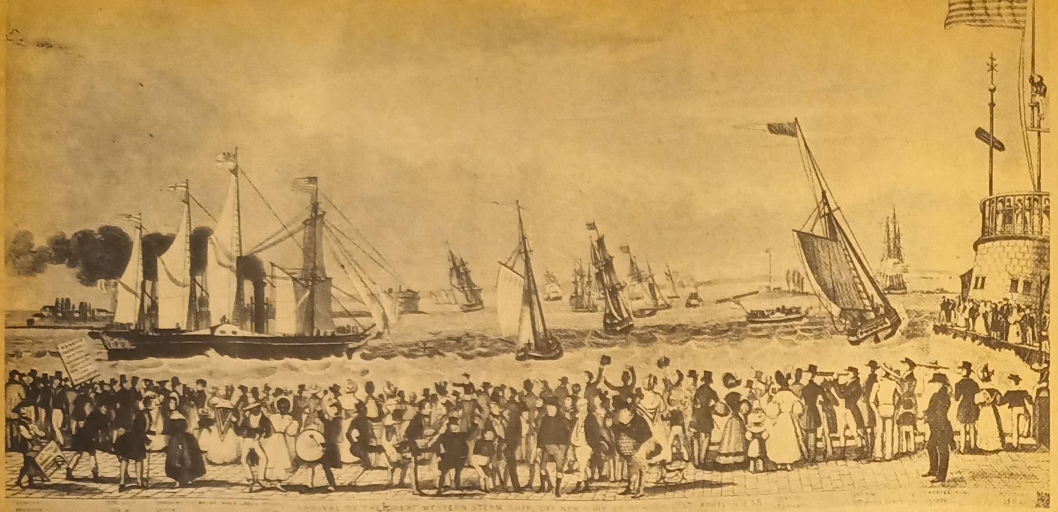
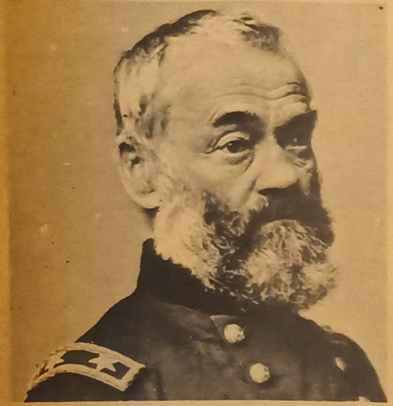


Illustration depicting the arrival of the steamship *Great Western*, just out of New York in 1838. It was this large and powerful ship that gave Sarah Burdette her nickname.



Above, Maj. General S. P. Heintzelman, commander of Fort Yuma at the time Sarah Burdette arrived, was responsible for putting the Great Western in charge of the officers' mess. Below, Fort Yuma, Arizona.

Courtesy California State Library

THE GREAT WESTERN

By FLORA HICKS

Photos Courtesy Author

She was Victor McLaglen in skirts!

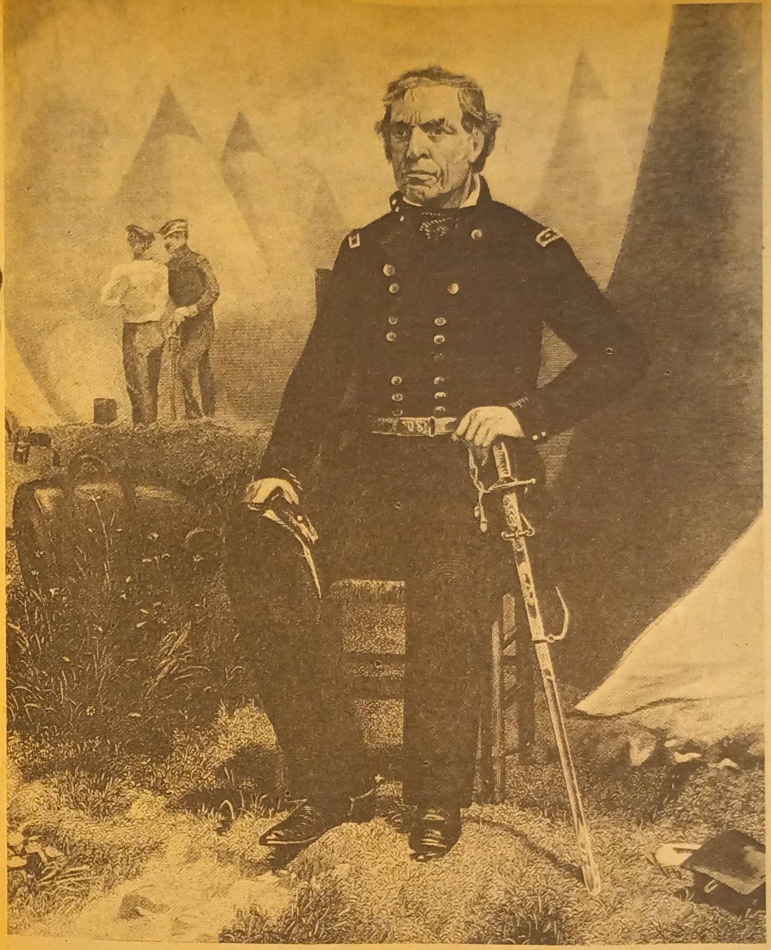
ON MAY 11, 1846 President Polk told Congress that "The cup of forbearance has been exhausted," and that now "war exists, and, notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it, exists by the act of Mexico herself." Congress immediately declared war against Mexico.

To General Zachary Taylor was assigned the task of advancing southwestward into Mexico from Corpus Christi, where the general's forces had been concentrated through the winter of 1845-46. His forces included many regiments of volunteers from the various states, but relatively few army regulars.

One of the sergeants in the Tennessee Volunteers was the husband of Sarah Burdette. Enlisted men were often accompanied by wives and other women known as camp followers. Most of the duties performed by those women have been taken over in modern times by regular military units such as the quartermaster corps, the medical corps, and the like, but a century ago women were the laundresses, gave medical attention to the wounded and sick, and otherwise comforted the lonely soldiers. They followed their men wherever ordered, sometimes even into battle.

Sarah Burdette, a Tennessee mountain woman, standing more than six feet tall in her bare feet, was a veritable Amazon. She possessed the muscles of a professional strong man, and was reputed to be a formidable rough-and-tumble fighter. A young officer fresh from West Point, when he first saw Sarah, promptly dubbed her the "Great Western," obviously having in mind the steamship *Great Western* which, until the launching of the *Great Eastern* in 1858, was a nautical wonder in regard to size. This name stuck to Sarah for the balance of her life.

The Great Western had run a mess for the younger officers at Corpus Christi, and when they moved out from that encampment she accompanied the troops. At the Arroyo Colorado Mexican guerrillas attacked the Americans, but were quickly scattered by a charge led by General William Jenkins Worth. The Great Western is said to have offered her assistance to General Worth, telling him she would whip every Mexican who showed his face, and it is more than probable that she could have done it singlehanded!



Courtesy New York Public Library

Zachary Taylor at the time of his command in Mexico.

General Taylor left a small detachment on the Rio Grande opposite Matamoros, and there the Great Western set up a mess for officers of this group. Though subjected to a heavy artillery bombardment by the Mexicans across the river, a bombardment which continued for several days, through it all the Great Western calmly prepared food over the campfire, even after the other women had been moved to a place of greater safety. It would have taken more than artillery fire to swerve Sarah from her duties; she served all meals promptly, three times a day, until General Taylor arrived to relieve the harassed garrison.

TAYLOR'S ARMY captured Matamoros without much difficulty; then, with his handful of regulars and several thousand volunteers, he marched on the town of Monterrey. Along the way many of the poorly conditioned troops succumbed to the sickening heat, the brackish water, and the total absence of any hygienic precautions. Brigadier General Gideon Pillow, commanding the Tennessee Volunteers, wrote his wife that they must have buried a thousand poor volunteers. Those from Tennessee alone, which had left home a thousand strong, were soon reduced to less than five hundred effective men. Sarah's husband apparently was an early casualty of the war—whether from sickness or from enemy fire is not recorded.

General Taylor's dislike for show was evidenced by the simple headquarters he maintained, by his informal apparel, and by his democratic manner with his troops. The popular nickname for the general, "Old Rough and Ready," doubtlessly referred to his plain, rough dress and to his readiness to share the hardships of his men and to lead them forward despite all obstacles. A second lieutenant in his army unkindly described Taylor as being short and heavy, with pronounced face lines and gray hair, wearing an old oilcloth cap, a dusty green coat, a frightful pair of trousers, and on horseback looking like a toad. But no one ever felt ill at ease with him, or inferior in his presence.

Taylor's troops came to have a deep affection for their general, and he was the idol of the Great Western, worshipped from afar. There is no reason to believe the general was even aware of the woman's existence prior to the battle of Buena Vista, at which time her remarkable deeds made her name known to all.

The battle of Buena Vista was fought on ground of Taylor's own choosing. He had fewer than 6,000 troops, and all but two squadrons of artillery and a portion of his cavalry were inexperienced. Practically all of the regulars had been given over to the command of General Winfield Scott, most unfairly, in the opinion of Taylor's friends and supporters. The Mexican troops, commanded by General Santa Anna, outnumbered Taylor's by more than three to one.

The battle began on the 22nd of Feb-

(Continued on page 64)

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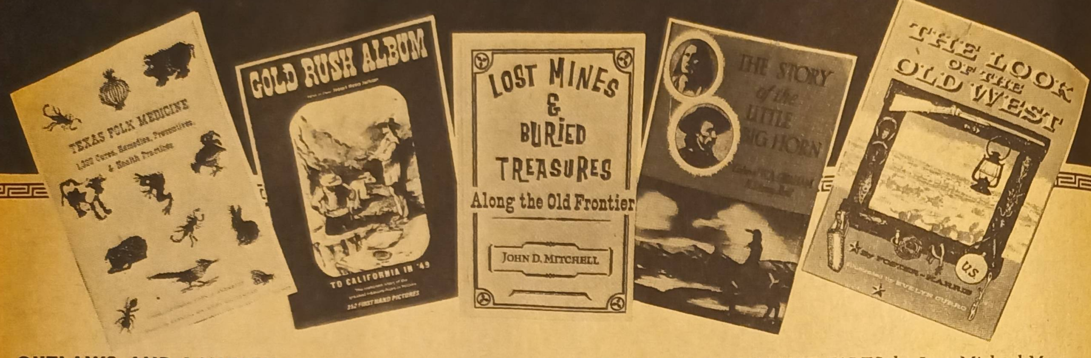
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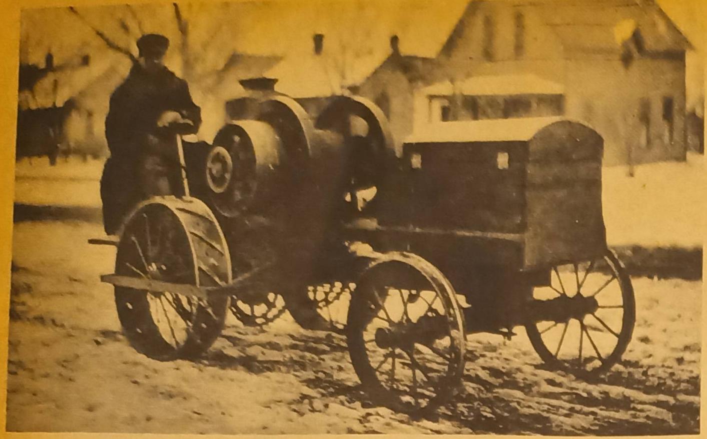

Addressed to Mrs. Carl Krueger, Lutin (?), Iowa. The short message states that this is a homemade gasoline engine that attains the speed of 3 miles per hour. The sender did not sign the card.

Dear Sirs:

I thought you and your readers might find some interest in these pictures that I found in an old deserted farmhouse in N. Dakota.

I have no idea who the people are, but maybe some of your readers might recognize them.—Robert Maxton, 1431 South Elwood Street, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74119.

Submitted by
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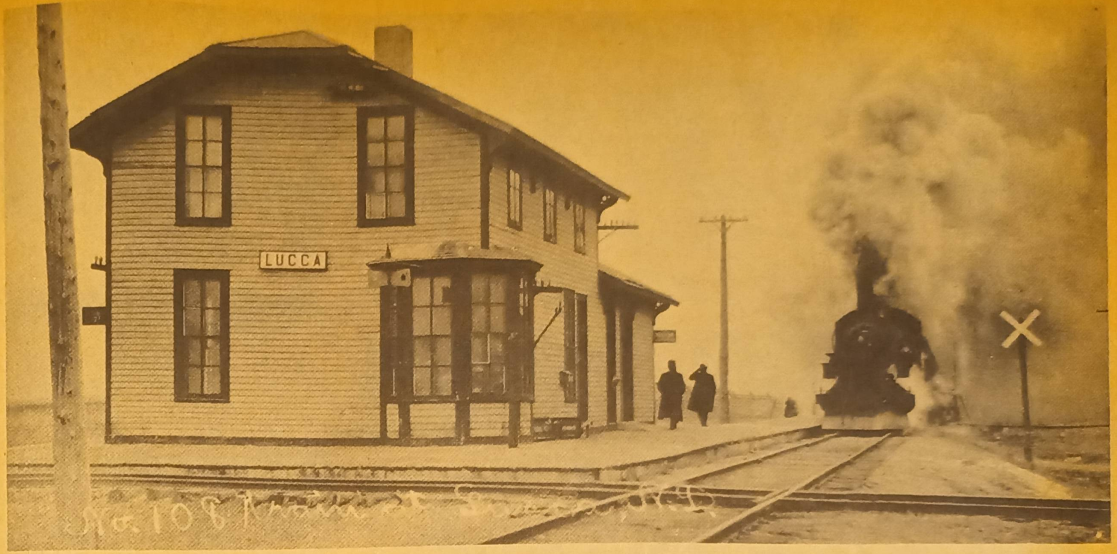
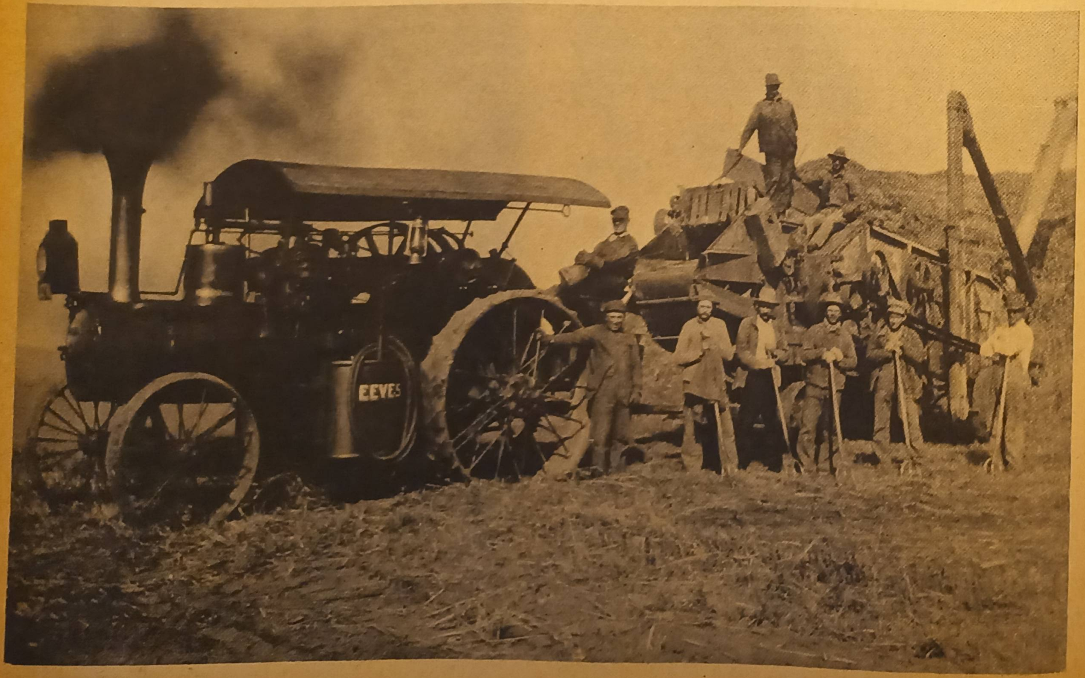


This post card was addressed to Herman Klug, Marion, N. Dakota. It is postmarked Enderlin, N. Dakota, Feb. 5, 1910.

DO YOU KNOW THESE FOLKS?

The man at the wheel on the thresher engine is identified as John Jorgenson.



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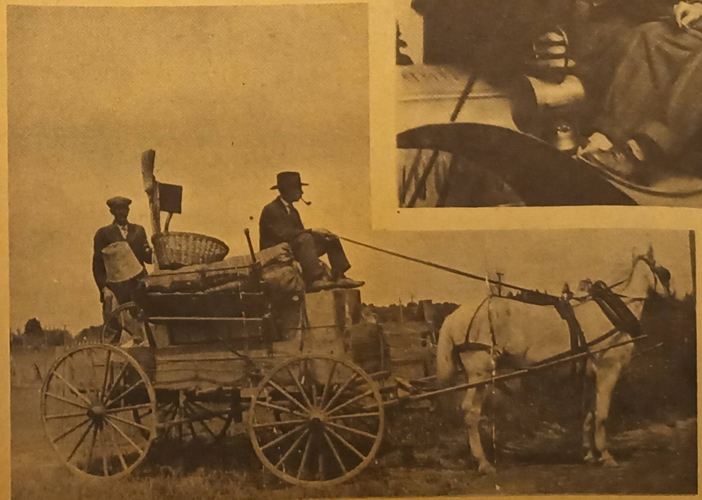
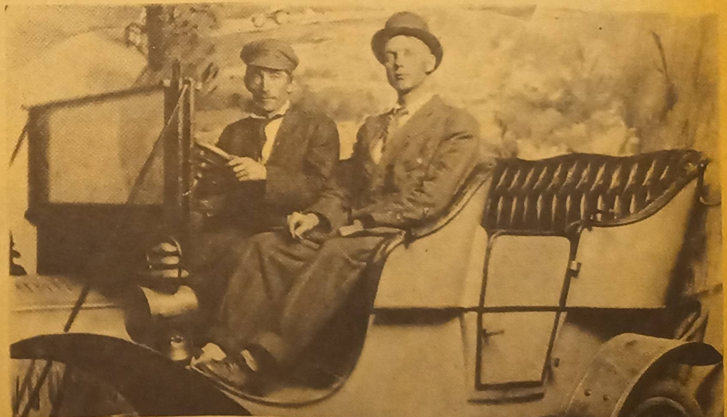




Another post card, also addressed to Herman Klug. The two gents in the auto signed the card "Pete and Walt." It is postmarked Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 11, 1909.

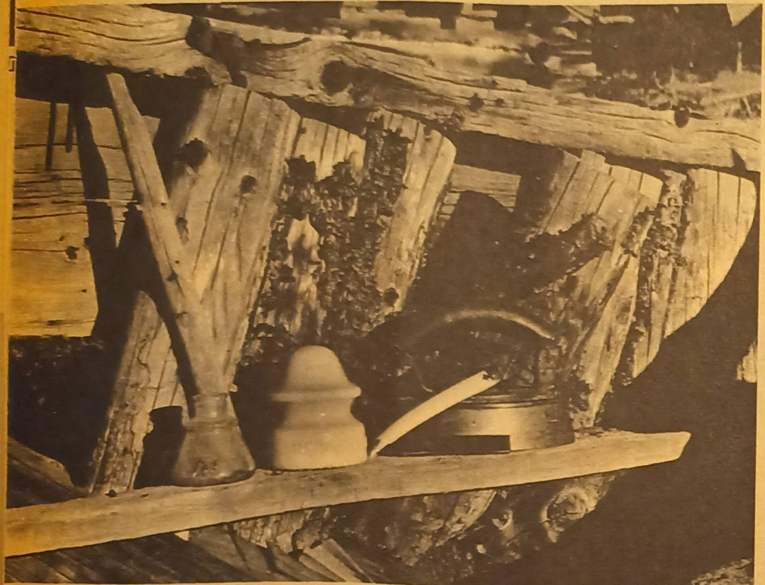
Gold-Dust and Shotgun Liz

(Continued from page 23)

of Highland City and Red Mountain City became legends with hundreds of Boy Scouts who camped in the area in 1921-22. Kern would expound long and loud as the featured attraction during the evening campfire sessions. He always wished to be buried near his beloved Lulu in the small cemetery at Highland City, but severe weather at the time of his death prevented this so he rests in a grave in Butte. His spirit, however, is still with Shotgun Liz in Highland City.

As the day proceeded and time drew near for us to leave, we assembled the usual assortment of scrap metal, broken bottles and dishes, and began deciding what would be worth taking home. Our son Paul was still poking around in the ruins of an old building which appeared to be a work shed of some type due to its location and design. Digging in a soft spot, he unearthed a beautiful milk glass insulator. This was the best find he had ever made on our trips into the mountains and he was overjoyed.

We selected some items to bring home and display on our "primitive wall," collected all the good stuff, packed up, and after a quick drink of the cold sparkling water of Fish Creek, said goodbye to the ghosts of the hell-roaring mining camp of Highland City.



A few of the relics discovered by the author and his wife include an "umbrella" ink bottle, one milk-glass insulator, a straight razor and a "Mrs. Potts" iron.

Judith Sallee searches for the treasures left behind in old Highland City.

Missouri Steamboat's Treasure

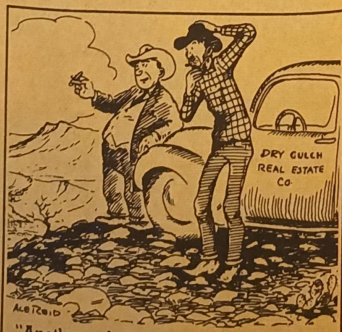
(Continued from page 18)

At 9:15 on the morning of July 15, 1969 workmen shouted triumphantly. At that moment, they dragged the very first iron container of mercury out of the mud-choked hold. By noon, two more. Late afternoon, another. In subsequent days, five more flasks were found; one outside the hull. (Each flask holds about $500 worth of mercury.) Pursell & Corbino think Captain Yores stowed about 500 aboard. Obviously, then, the containers weren't all here.

Gambling—as all treasure-seekers must—that the expenses ventured will pay off handsomely in recovered fortune, the two Omahans have said that they staked about $65,000 on this hunt.

Although examination of the ship's important cargo has likely been completed, some now think part of the million-dollar booty in mercury, gold and silver money (and that liquor) has been removed. Cargo insurers of 1865 reportedly tried to salvage cargo from the *Cora II*, which sank nearby after *The Bertrand* went down.

It must be remembered that in frontier days the Missouri River—then uncontrolled by man—at flood stages became a battering ram. It could have bashed in part of *The Bertrand*, then floated her treasure "anywhere from a few yards to a few miles," riverfolk insist. Well—whatever is in store for Messrs. Corbino & Pursell, and even though Captain John Yores would never visualize his gallant river queen drydocked in a federal museum for antiques, locating *The Bertrand* was an event of nationwide importance.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—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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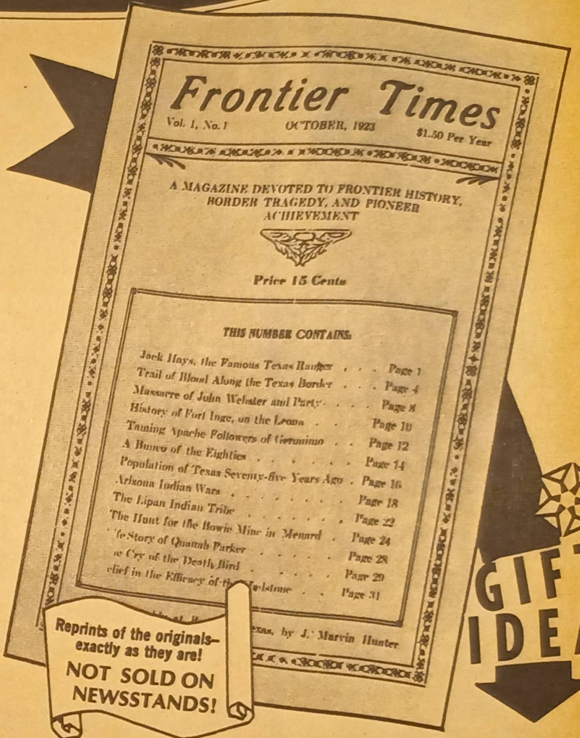

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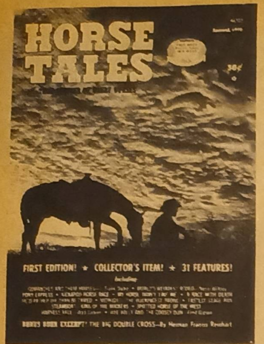

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The Devil Never Sleeps

(Continued from page 31)

head. Now if you could talk with Winston Shillito—"

I did, and upon consulting him found that the eighty-year-old gentleman, living then in Las Cruces, New Mexico, some 200 miles from the shack in Carlsbad in which Chappo was murdered, was doing a little sheepherding himself in the Guadalupe foothills at the time of the tragedy—if Chappo's death could be termed a tragedy.

"In my opinion," Winston Shillito surmised, "Chappo's murder could be termed good riddance so far as the sheepherders were concerned, even though the method used to kill him was downright diabolical.

"The murder happened sometime between 1902 and 1910," Shillito went on to explain. "I can't remember the exact date. Even at that time, Chappo was an old man, evidently having spent a number of years with his flocks in the Guadalupe Mountains. He was known as a Mexican of varied experiences, having gained the admiration of youthful herders by his knowledge of both sheep and the men who tended them."

Shillito touched upon the mystery that often surrounded a sheepherder such as Chappo by relating how sheep and goat herders lived a very lonely existence for about eleven months of the year. Except for the month of April, he said the herders seldom saw another human being, setting up a lonely camp for the night wherever the flock might be. Only during the lambing and shearing season did the herders enjoy any sort of companionship. To understand Chappo and the shady business he was in at the time of his murder, Shillito contended that one had to know something about the sheepherding business.

"It was perhaps from gancho money taken from young herders that Chappo made his living, despite the fact that after his murder it was rumored that he dealt in drugs from Old Mexico, hiding out great fortunes, none of which has ever been reported as found."

Shillito did say, however, that the semi-dwarfed, twisted old Mexican at one time had a useful place among the Guadalupe Mountain sheep and goat ranchers. "Many of these ranchers depended on Chappo to furnish them with replacements on short notice after the loss of one of their regular herders. This he did with complete dependability.

"Just what method Chappo used to make these youths always available to the ranchers, perhaps no one ever knew. It was customary for the ranchers to pay well for Chappo's services, and perhaps even more necessary that the herders pay well for their recommendations. From the lips of more than one disgruntled herder I have heard it said that Chappo used both alcohol and drugs as his method of robbing them late at night while they were enjoying the accommodations of his meager shack.

"As to what actually happened the night of his slaughter, perhaps few people living today could recall the circumstances with any degree of accuracy."

I sought out the old man from Loving next and, when confronted with a portion of the data I had gathered on Chappo's death, he was obviously shaken.

He just stood there trembling, and when I said, "If I had mentioned the devil himself, you couldn't have looked more startled," he answered, *"Es la misma cosa!"*

"After all these years," I commented, "I am a bit surprised that there are those still living who remember Chappo so well."

Below, the notorious old town of Seven Rivers is gone; only the old cemetery remains. A combination grocery, service station and market is all that remains on the site.

SEVEN RIVERS STR. GROCERY AND MKT.

Above, sheepherders in the Guadalupes are now referred to as "ranch hands," although one does occasionally see an old-timer handling the flock at shearing time.

"Those short legs under that twisted old body—anyone who ever saw Chappo still remembers him, all right. One doesn't easily forget."

"You must have known him pretty well?" I queried.

"As well as anyone knows the devil, I guess," he answered, uneasily.

Could you tell me something about him—what his real name was—where he came from—what he did for a living—?"

Noting the shaking of the old man's hands, I stopped there. There was a mystified look on his wrinkled face. He didn't answer right away but when he did, the superstitions that once haunted early Mexican families of the Pecos River were prominent in both his reactions and his reminiscence.

"Chappo," he whispered, "had no name. He came from nowhere. He did nothing for a living. He lived on evil—people made evil by his influence. Perhaps he was all the bad that comes with the birth of a century. I was very young at the time. I was afraid of him!"

"Why?" I wanted to know.

After a moment's hesitation, he answered. "No reason, Señor. One didn't need a reason. I am still fearful—just of his memory."

No amount of questioning could entice any more answers from him in connection with the murder. He refused to let me use his name. Any questions that followed received only curt replies or a helpless shrug of the shoulders.

I am convinced the old man's inability to remember was based on his being unable to forget. He had known Chappo, all right, and it is most likely they were related some way or other as I had been told.

Since then, I have seen him only one time at close enough range to ask, "Do you think Chappo sleeps in peace?"

Shuffling off at a fast pace, he quickly dismissed me with, "Don't you know? The Devil never sleeps!"

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 6)

to this marriage, but died as infants. They were Don E. and Dorotha. Inez also died in 1923. All three are buried at Ardmore. Baxter worked in the oil fields around Healdton and other areas after this and in 1925 he married Mrs. Blanche Vandell. He passed away at Austin, Texas July 23, 1970 at the age of seventy-eight.—Mrs. M. F. Martens, 1402 West Fifth, Freeport, Texas 77541

Stillwell-Preslar

Would like to hear from anyone who knows or knew Joseph B. (Joe) Stillwell, or his brother Homer. Joe also had a son Homer who should be around fifty-seven years old now. They lived around Prescott, Arizona in 1927. Previously they lived in New Mexico and Texas.

Also would like to hear from anyone who knew Samuel Parker Preslar (Sam). He died in 1927 in Prescott, Arizona.—Mrs. John L. Pidgeon, 7311 Ditzler, Raytown, Missouri 64133

Ayers-French-Hayward

I would like to hear from anyone in the following families: Ayers, French, Hitchcock, Hayward (Howard), Nye and Worcester (or Wooster) from New England and Midwest areas. We had ancestors who "went West" and their trails have ended.—Mrs. W. Hitchcock, Box 1083, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220

Viola and Raymond Harp

Would appreciate your readers' help in locating my late brother's two children, Viola Harp and Raymond Harp. They were last heard of in Durant, Oklahoma in 1904. After my brother's death, my sister-in-law Anna Tittle Harp quit writing me. Anna Tittle had two brothers, John and Jim, and a sister Polly who married a Walter Hudson. Would also like to find my brother

(Continued on page 72)

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☐ Mrs. ______ Age ______
Address ______
City ______ State ______ Zip ______

HOMESTEADING A WATERHOLE

—A malaria germ sent this girl West. (If the germ had known what he was up against he would have quietly died in Wisconsin and saved her the trip! For Sallie Dayton was indestructible, as the germ and the prairie real estate men were about to find out!)

By SALLIE DAYTON

Photos Courtesy Author

A POSTAL CARD written by an Indian woman resulted in my accepting an offer to file on a quarter-section of South Dakota land adjoining an allotment on which she and her husband lived. He had been the farmer at the Indian boarding school at which I had taught. He was a white man as to appearance and behavior.

His wife wrote me that her husband would not only build me a shack and fence in the quarter-section, but also would furnish me a horse to ride in return for the use of my pasture. Without consulting anyone I, a teacher in a Wisconsin Indian school, accepted the offer and set the date of my arrival as July 20, 1910. I knew that my homestead site was three or four miles southwest of a town known as Cheyenne Junction, so when no one met me at the station, I decided to remain on the train for about four more miles.

I had expected to find dry land, but as I walked across a plowed field I was surprised to see it as bare as when it had been sown to barley some two months before. On the surrounding unplowed soil, buffalo grass was green and of a height for good pasture.

On my land was a 12'x14', two-window, tarpaper shack almost completed. It was only a stone's throw from a well constructed house of two rooms with a large front window, the home of my friends. The sight of my shack gave me a sense of freedom. I was a very tired person—tired of children, tired of bickering with grown-ups in an Indian boarding school in the State of Wisconsin.

When filing for my homestead, I left vacant forty acres on the southeast corner of the quarter-section—not so much because of its roughness, for there were very few tillable acres on the entire quarter—I just thought 120 acres of land was sufficient for me. I had told no one of this discrepancy as it was not unusual for unclaimed land to be under fence.

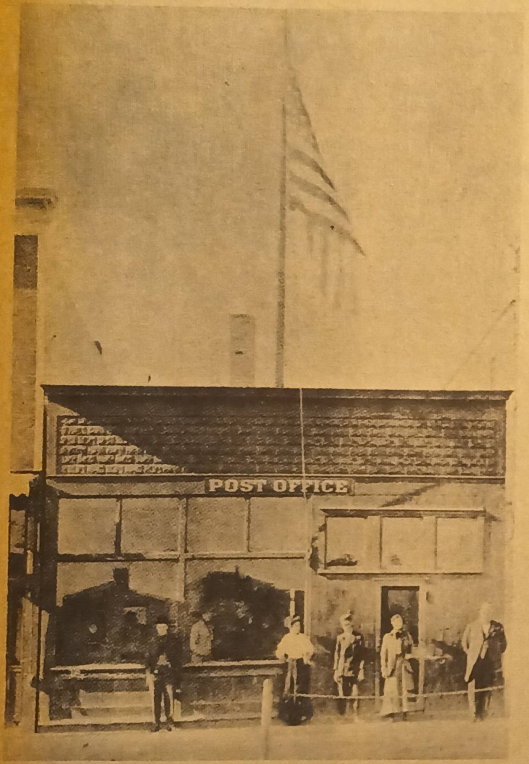
I was dependent upon my neighbor for water, not only to quench my thirst but for every household use. He had a deep well at his house but it was alkali. He had another hand-dug well of good water about one-half mile from my shack. Just the privilege of drawing a bucketful from that well was very precious. By digging a hole in the ground on the shady side of my shack, I managed to have cool water to drink. When the water had been dipped down low, it reminded me of the springs in my home state of Indiana.

I was unaware of the fact that there was a deep waterhole in that corner, illegally fenced, until my Indian friend informed me that an adjoining homesteader was bending the fence wires and slipping his cows and a horse or two through to the waterhole. I thought it possible to stop the trespassing without admitting that I had not included that forty acres in my homestead. However, a man lived in Cheyenne Junction on whose window were the words, "I Sell the Earth." He was a habitual reader of maps and soon learned of my unlawful claim for water.

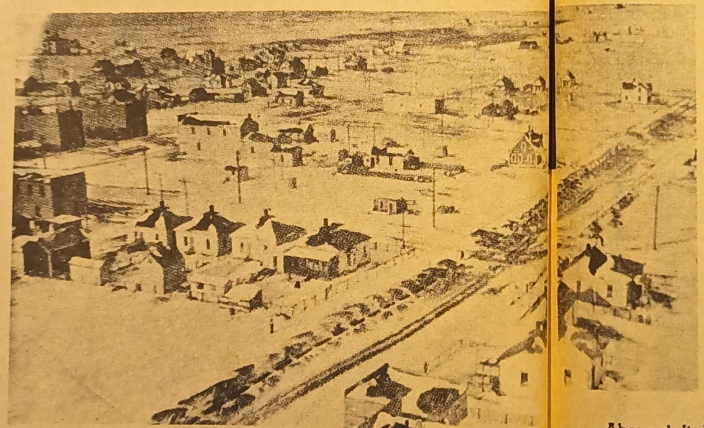
Now this real estate man had a homestead as a sideline, but spent little time on it. He told me that, financially, he would have been ahead if he had just bought one old cow and turned her loose on the prairie. I guess he was as near being a friend to me as it is possible for a real estate man to be, who sees a bit of land exchanging hands. Thus he informed my trespassing neighbor, a man from my own state, that he had a perfect right to the water because I did not own that bit of land with the waterhole.

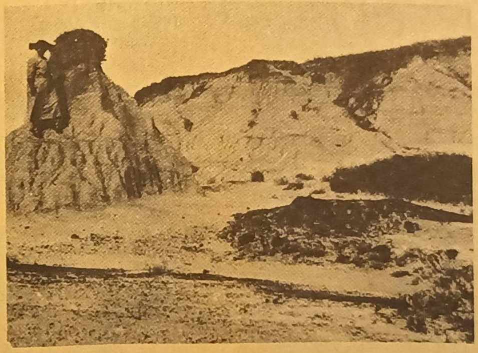
TO MAKE my claim genuine, I went to the county seat and filed on the additional forty acres, despite the fact that the additional claim would require a five-year residence instead of the fourteen months I had planned on. I had no intention of remaining on that knotty bit of land on the northern edge of a Matador range that extended miles and miles south of my homestead. In fact, my main

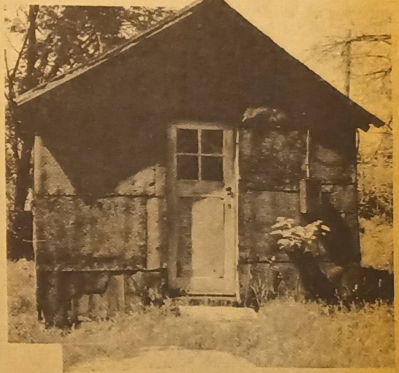
(Continued on page 58)



Above, the post office at Mobridge, S. Dakota in 1910.



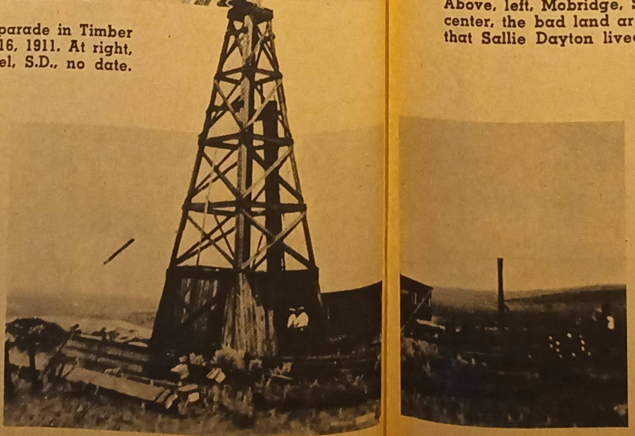




Above, left, Mobridge, S. Dakota in 1913, showing First Avenue at Third Street. Above, center, the bad land area near Isabel, S.D. Above, right, the one room tar-paper shack that Sallie Dayton lived in on her homestead. Below, Indian babies at a baby show during the Timber Lake parade festivities.

All Photos Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

Below, left, the street parade in Timber Lake, S.D. on August 16, 1911. At right, an oil well near Isabel, S.D., no date.



A Night on the Prairie

(Continued from page 15)

had fallen on her through the night had been melted by heat from the ashes, and thus her clothes were wet through in parts and, upon exposure to the cold, froze stiff. Her dress was a serious barrier to progress; and her shoes, which had been hurriedly put on the night before without being buttoned, soon became so full of snow that she considered it expedient to take them off and throw them away.

The faithful dog, which had shown so much interest in her through the night, kept close to her side. Why the dog should show such peculiar attachment to a visitor in preference to the members of the family is unaccountable.

Martha struggled on, only to sink in the snow. Mustering all her courage and strength she would struggle to her feet again. A few more steps and she was down again. Another desperate effort and she was up and on again, repeating the falls and struggles until she was completely exhausted. It was impossible for her to regain her feet.

At this point the faithful dog placed himself right in front of Miss Reid's prostrate form. Martha placed her arms on the dog's back; then, pressing heavily downward, she raised herself slowly until she was on her feet again.

By this time Mary had well-nigh overtaken her. She had tried to help her father, but he was unable to go very far, and finding she could not hope to bring him along Mary stayed until with her assistance he had crawled on hands and knees back to the fire. She then returned to Martha and encouraged her by saying they had not far to go.

Mary assumed the leadership, as her friend was much weaker than she, owing to the severe trial of the previous night. "It would never do," she said to Martha, "to give up now; we must get there if possible—it is our only hope of safety."

WHEN the house was reached, both were completely exhausted and overcome with the cold. They found an open door, but unfortunately it was one that could not be closed against the wind. Snow had drifted in through the doorway, and it was impossible to close the door on that account.

In the miserable old log granary with a door open and the fierce wind blowing through it, they were scarcely any better off than before. There was an upstairs to the building, with a ladder leading to it, but Martha's hands were so badly frozen she could not grasp the rungs, and had to abandon the thought of climbing.

A heap or bin of wheat occupied the remote corner of the building and there was no other shift than to settle themselves down on the cold bin of wheat—an uncongenial couch indeed.

Martha became unconscious shortly after they lay down upon the icy bed, and remained in that state most of the time. Her hands were very painful. Mary, also, was evidently unconscious a great deal of the time after reaching the house.

At times Martha would say to her, "Mary, you must keep up and not yield to the cold," but Mary had other thoughts and simply answered her friend's implorations by saying, "With Mother and Lizzie gone I have no desire to live."

SUNDAY MORNING at William Taylor's house found them all enjoying good health. Things were going on pretty much as usual; the care of the stock and looking after the inside chores engaged the attention of the different members of the household. They were conscious of the fact that the storm was unusually severe, but had slept through the night quite unaware of the disaster so near their door, and quite unconscious of the fact that a brave young girl had battled against fearful odds to within a few yards of their home.

What a relief party that home could have supplied at a moment's notice! Mr. Taylor, Mr. Albertson, Wesley, Ralph and Learoyd Taylor were there—all of them capable of affording help had they only known help was needed. And across the snow, a little over a half mile away, stood Chant's house, which even then was the scene of suffering and distress.

At the home of William Taylor there was warmth and comfort. There was little to be done except keep the house warm and keep inside, as the day was such that no one thought of staying out longer than absolutely necessary.

The last thing you might think of would be visiting neighbors on a day like that. Yet about noon Ralph Taylor headed in the direction of John Taylor's house.

Ralph, the second eldest son of Mr. Taylor, had left strangely weighed down with the conviction that something was wrong at his uncle's. His father did not like the thought of his starting out in the storm, and tried to dissuade him from his purpose until after dinner at least. He called to Mrs. Taylor to hurry up the dinner as Ralph intended going over to Uncle John's.

This was reasonable, but it would not do. The feeling that something was wrong was so overwhelming that he dared not delay. "No," said Ralph, in response to his father's appeal to wait, "I must go now," and with that he hastened to get ready to go. His mother later said, "It just seemed that there was something pushing that boy out of the house."

There was an old trail between the two houses, and Ralph managed to keep it until arriving at the scene of disaster. No questions had to be asked. How the folks fared in the storm at Uncle's was too apparent for anyone. The scene of desolation told the story—part of it at least, and suggestions of the other part came with alarming rapidity to the astonished visitor. Could they all have burned up in the night, or where could they be? Ralph thought of the stable and, with the hope of finding them safely housed, he went at once to see.

Failing to find anyone he returned and discovered his uncle lying at the side of the ruins, covered with snow. Mr. Taylor was in a semi-conscious condition and helpless. His whiskers were one mass of ice. He had been gathering snow with his hands and eating it. A more woebegone condition could scarcely be imagined.

Ralph tried to get information from him as to the others' whereabouts, but he seemed to have only a vague idea of what had happened and could give no intelligent statement of where the others had gone.

It was evident nothing could be done without help, so Ralph hurried home to give the alarm and to get a horse and sleigh to go after his uncle.

He found the news very hard to break upon his arrival. Standing in the doorway of his own home, Ralph Taylor found himself unable to speak. The usual question, "How are they all?" drew forth no response. His father, quick to see that something was wrong, urged, "Son, what is the matter?" "The house is burned down, and I can find only Uncle," were Ralph's reluctant words.

A RELIEF PARTY, consisting of Mr. Albertson and Ralph, Learoyd and Wesley Taylor, was speedily fitted out. The old mare was harnessed and hitched to a light sleigh; then came a good supply of quilts and blankets.

Mrs. Taylor exacted a promise of the boys before leaving not to separate one from the other, and in case they lost their way they were to use the wrappings in the sleigh to protect themselves, sufficient being sent along for the little company of rescuers in addition to ample provision for those they hoped to rescue.

All got safely to the scene of desolation. Mr. Taylor was put into the sleigh, and Mr. Albertson and Wesley started home with him.

Having learned from the uncle that Mary and Martha Reid had sought refuge in Chant's house, it was decided that Ralph and Learoyd go over and stay with them until Mr. Alberston and Wesley brought the horse and sleigh back.

Accordingly the two boys struck out for Chant's house. They found the two young women lying near to each other on the cold bed of wheat. Mary was quite unconscious. Martha, as one startled in sleep, turned and partly raised herself up at the approach of Ralph Taylor, whom she quickly recognized, and with a look of mingled agony and gratitude spoke a few words to her rescuers.

The boys took off their coats and, placing one on each of the young women, waited eagerly for the return of the horse and sleigh. What could be keeping Mr. Albertson and Wesley? they asked themselves impatiently. Had they lost their way?

There was no time to waste, and becoming impatient, Ralph and Learoyd started home to see what was keeping them so long. Upon reaching the trail over which Mr. Albertson and Wesley were expected to pass on the way to the William Taylor home, they were dismayed to find no track of horse or sleigh.

There was no necessity for alarm, however, as Mr. Albertson and Wesley had arrived home all right. The trackless trail was a result of the wind. The reason for the delay was that the old mare was completely fagged out after coming so far through the deep snow, and they were obliged to let her rest a while. There were some young horses in the stable, but it was impossible to get them to face the violent storm.

In a short while the men were on their way back to Chant's house, and Mary and Martha were put in the sleigh for the journey home. Half a mile is not a very long distance to go under ordinary conditions, but the snow was too deep for any faster gait than a walk. Too, the wind and the terrible cold did not help to make the road shorter. At the Taylor house the girls were tenderly carried in. Martha Reid was laid out for dead. Mary Taylor showed signs of life. The young cousins who stood around were quick to see encouraging signs, and it was not easy to answer the timid inquiries because their hopes could hardly be confirmed by the more experienced. "She is pretty far gone," was the opinion shared by all.

Mrs. Taylor, bending eagerly over her young niece, begged her to speak. "Mary, do try and speak to me," she implored, as she gazed into the dying girl's face. But Mary had evidently said her last words, and seemed to be aware that her hour had come. "I shall never forget the long, wistful look she gave me," Mrs. Taylor says.

It was only about ten or fifteen minutes after Mary had been brought into

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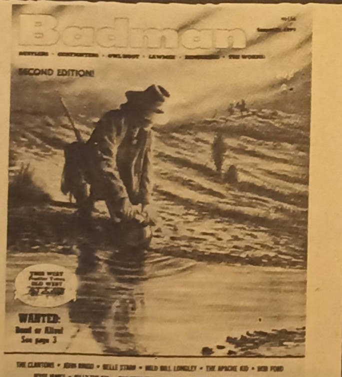

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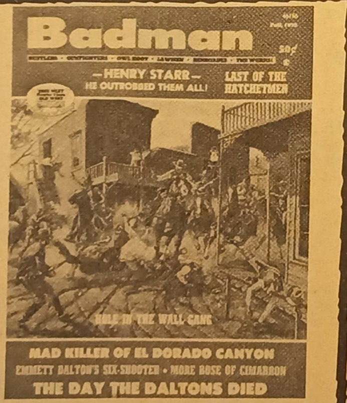
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PLEASE DON'T PASS PAGE 37.

the house when she died in her aunt's arms.

IN THE INTERVAL that elapsed between the arrival of Mr. Taylor and the two girls, there had been ample time to minister to his needs—as much as could be done by rubbing, thawing and changing clothes, applying restoratives, etc. The elderly man had suffered much from the cold. The tips of his fingers were frozen off, and other parts of his body were badly frostbitten. But while his condition was serious it had not reached a critical stage. In due course of time he was brought around all right.

Martha Reid's case at the time she was brought in was regarded as hopeless, and when Mary died, her body was temporarily laid upon a table in the same room where lay Martha Reid's unconscious form. The house was small, with few rooms, and this accounts for the well-nigh fatal mistake of leaving Mary exposed to the view of the unconscious woman whose life was really despaired of at the time.

Before and for some time after Mary's death, Martha showed few signs of life. At the time she was discovered in Chant's house she presented an appearance fully as pitiable as Mr. Taylor's. Her disheveled hair was literally strung with icicles, formed by the snow melting and then freezing through the night. Her frozen hands, her frost-covered clothing, together with her white drawn face, gave her the picture of death rather than life.

Mrs. Taylor, who was superintending the cutting apart of Martha's frozen clothing, found upon reaching the body that every part was quite cold except one spot just below the breast.

Getting a physician was out of the question until the storm abated, but in the meantime every effort was put forth by rubbing and other home methods to restore consciousness. After an hour or more Martha began to show signs of life. Unfortunately. the first thing she saw was Mary's lifeless form lying nearby. It was evident that it was all over with poor Mary, and the sight proved too much for her. Martha sank again into apathy and was impossible to rouse.

Added to Mary's death, Miss Reid's critical condition made that Sunday a day of trouble and intense sorrow. And, dead or alive, the others must be sought and found. The day was not considered a fit one to be out at all, but the men and boys went back to the place where the burned house had stood and, tying themselves together with long ropes, they searched for their missing kin. Mrs. Taylor's body was found wrapped in a winding sheet of snow, but they were unable to get any trace of Annie or Lizzie. The severity of the weather made it impossible for the men to keep up the search, and they returned home.

The thought of Mrs. Taylor's body remaining in the snow for another day was too much for the sympathetic heart of her sister-in-law who sought her son Ralph and implored, "Could you not bring your poor auntie's body home?" But the experiences of that day had been enough to make Ralph feel that safety was of more importance than sentiment, and he wisely answered, "Mother, don't ask us to go out again today. You don't know what it is like on the prairie."

THE NEXT MORNING the storm had abated, and neighbors were informed of the calamity. The response was worthy of the men of Meadow Lea, and all day Monday the drifts were searched for the missing ones.

On Monday forenoon Mrs. Taylor's body was brought in. She was completely buried in the snow—the storm must be credited with respect for the dead in that it gave a decent burial to its victim, or shall we consider the last act worse than the first, in that it looks like an attempt to conceal crime and cover up cruelty.

To the faithful family dog which lay upon the snow above the body from Sunday until Monday morning, belongs the honor of the day. His vigilant watch under such adverse conditions demonstrated a devotion which can never be questioned or depreciated.

Some time Monday afternoon Annie Taylor's body was found. She was about half a mile from her own home in a place known as Chant's Marsh. When found she was lying upon her back with a quilt wrapped around her head and shoulders. Apparently she had been facing the wind and had been blown backward by a heavy gale. She was frozen stiff; life had evidently become extinct many hours before she was discovered. Her body was also taken to William Taylor's. Up to Monday night there was no trace of Lizzie, and preparations were made for a larger force and a more extensive search the following day.

Martha Reid still lingered between life and death and was unconscious most of the time. Dr. Pulford of Stonewall, a small village about twelve miles away, had arrived and, after examining the patient, had given very little hope of her recovery. He did not think she could live until the next morning. Yet Tuesday morning came and she was still breathing. The doctor stayed all day Tuesday, Wednesday, and part of Thursday. Gradually Martha showed some improvement.

On Tuesday the search for Lizzie had resumed. As the news spread, people flocked to the place and kept increasing the number until over fifty men were out searching the prairie. They searched from early morning until about three o'clock in the afternoon before she was found about four miles away from her uncle's house.

Lizzie had taken a southwesterly course, and had gone as far as she possibly could. The position in which she lay with both hands outstretched in front, indicated that she had fallen through sheer exhaustion and, being unable to rise, perished with the cold.

The snow was so deep it was impossible to get teams to where her body lay. Lizzie was placed upon some men's overcoats and across the howling, windswept prairie the men carried her until they reached the house where lay the ones for whom she had sacrificed her life.

ALL THE ROADS were blocked for nearly a week. As a consequence the burial service had to wait. On Saturday the coffins arrived, and the funeral took place.

The local pastor was so overcome by the calamity that he could not trust himself to carry through the exercises, and he sent to Winnipeg for the Reverend Rice. On Saturday Reverend Rice conducted a short service at the house, after which the remains were conveyed to a cemetery about four miles away, Reverend A. B. Hames officiating at the grave. Mrs. Taylor was fifty-seven years and nine month of age; Annie, twenty-six and six months; Mary, twenty-four and four months; Lizzie, twenty-one years and a few days when tried by fire and tracked by frost, they came to their tragic end.

MISS REID yet lay in a critical condition in the Taylor home. It was four or five days after her rescue before much certainty could be entertained about her recovery. She suffered much from her hands. Her body was burned here and there by lying in the ashes, and it is thought her hands were burned as well as frozen.

Friends were there to give what assistance they could through the anxious days and weary nights. Mrs. Hames, the minister's wife, stayed a week or more helping to nurse the patient.

Gradually she began to gain, and the fainting spells became less frequent. In three or four weeks' time she was able to move around, but the pain in her hands was as bad as ever. "Oh, my poor hands!" she was frequently heard to exclaim through the long siege of suffering, and this was her one piteous complaint when it became evident that the fingers would have to come off. However, she summoned up courage and went to Winnipeg in the course of some weeks and had the fingers amputated, most of them quite close to the hands. This done and the hands healed up, the problem of making her way in life with mutilated hands remained to be solved.

To sew was out of the question. To beg was contrary to her independent spirit. What could she do with fingers cut so close that the power to grasp seemed to be entirely gone? Resignedly she began to manipulate the remaining stubs, and succeeded so well that it was really marvelous what she could do.

Martha undertook to learn painting, and sold considerable of her own work to those disposed to patronize her. Much attention was directed towards Miss Reid at the time of her misfortune, as she had not only a close call but had proved herself a woman of action, courage and fortitude. The patience she displayed in affliction and the undaunted way she applied herself to the problem of making her way in the world, won the admiration of all who knew her.

Twenty years and more have passed since then, and during that time the demands upon patience, faith and courage have been as stingent as ever.

For a time Martha was in a millinery store in some western town. Later on

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HORSE TALES

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she rented some rooms in Toronto, Ontario, and there endeavored to do a little painting and fancy work. In 1887 she was married to Mr. Ivey, and since then her time has been fully occupied in domestic work, traveling, or waiting behind the counter. At present she is conducting a small store near Glensmith, Manitoba.

The spirit of independence still lives. Thinking it would be due the readers of her eventful career to publish her photograph with hands clearly exposed to view, she answered the request for a picture by the prompt denial: "I could not on any account have my hands taken as they are. A description of them will be all I can give to the world. My hands are not at all helpless, and to be taken as they are would make me appear (what I certainly am not) a helpless woman."

BEREFT OF FAMILY, and deprived of home associations, Mr. Taylor spent the few remaining years of his life with little thought of making this world his portion. To wish long life to one in his position may not, perhaps, give the fullest consideration of what is best. Such must necessarily be a life of loneliness.

After the one sad event which clouded his horizon his days were uneventful ones. He was unable, through bodily infirmities, to participate in the activities of life to any great extent.

No friend was closer to him than the faithful Martha Reid. She was also a welcome guest at the William Taylor home where she had been nursed back to health, and as often as she could, she visited those left of the family.

The summer before Mr. Taylor's death and about a year and a half after his great tragedy, Miss Reid was spending a few days visiting at Meadow Lea, and one day had been sitting in the same room with Mr. Taylor, talking over things in general. During a lull in the conversation, she rose to leave the room when Mr. Taylor called her back and said, "I had a dream a few nights ago and I thought Mrs. Taylor came and put her arms around me as she used to, and I have been wondering if we shall know each other there."

The following winter Ralph Taylor was in Winnipeg, and Miss Reid went out with him to stay a week or so with her friends. On the way Ralph passed some remarks about his uncle's not being quite as well as usual, but little attention was paid to it. Upon their arrival, Mr. Taylor seemed to be unusually pleased to see Martha.

The next day he became quite ill, and in three or four days from the time his young friend arrived, he departed this life and was gathered to his people.

Thus ends the sad story of Meadow Lea.

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Tyrannical Colonel Obenchain

(Continued from page 25)

the same pace, Obenchain gave an order that had the old-timers roaring with laughter. "American stock, full speed! Spanish stock, half speed! Charge!" They had the "Indians" on the run!

The Colonel's westward course across the Plains would have kept the men without water for days. Goodnight, knowing this, stayed enough ahead of the column that the Colonel could not call to him. Slowly the scout veered north toward Casa Amarillas, some high bluffs where there were caves and plenty of fresh water.

Upon reaching the bluffs the Colonel accused Goodnight of circling all day and the scout then knew that he had been watched all day. But nothing more was said between Obenchain and Goodnight.

One of the other scouts had this to say of their commanding officer: "The old Colonel was too dignified ever to camp with us, but always had us put up his little tent some distance to one side. You can imagine the disgust of this tent to the Texas Rangers. Some of us scarcely had shirts."

There was a certain tributary of the Brazos called Duck Creek that the Colonel wanted scouted, and he decided to do it himself. Obenchain called for volunteers but the only ones who would go with him were a few raw recruits. The small group started off without a guide. Obenchain decided to save his horse on this scout, and chose instead a pack mule, "Old Rebecca."

Ten miles from camp the men became encircled by Indians. The volunteers started to make a run for it but Old Rebecca would not run. Obenchain immediately called a halt to make a stand. He told Goodnight sometime later: "By God, Sah, I had to hold them there with my gun." The Colonel said the men were so scared that he could have cut their heads off and they would not have lost a drop of blood, they were so white with fear.

A scout named Davidson came into the main camp to report Obenchain's plight. A rescue party of twenty-five men found Obenchain safe and proceeded to take after the Indians. The Rangers rode from noon until sundown without encountering the foe. The Indians had thrown away everything they had to lighten the load their horses carried and soon outdistanced the Rangers and escaped into rough country.

Obenchain turned his command back toward the Brazos while Goodnight rode ahead in search of water. Returning that night Goodnight found Woolfork, who had been left at the camp alone. Goodnight was informed that the Colonel had been attacked by Indians and needed help. At daybreak Woolfork and Goodnight started out to try to locate him and the luckless volunteers. When found, the men were suffering from lack of water. Obenchain's tongue had become so thick he could not speak plainly. The first thing he wanted to know was how far it was to a spring or river.

Another view of the old water well just outside the present-day commissary building at Fort Belknap.

After Goodnight guided them to the nearest waterhole the eleven men had to be watched so they would not drink too much. One soldier, overcome with thirst, started a fight with another over water.

IN JUNE, Obenchain filed formal charges and started to prepare for the court-martial of Captain Cureton. He set out for Camp Colorado, regimental headquarters, on the sixteenth. Goodnight was sick with measles and whooping cough at the time but Obenchain took him along.

On the way to Camp Colorado, the Colonel decided he would detour by Camp Breckenridge for a few hours, then the next day rejoin the men of Big Creek about thirty miles to the south. Obenchain made a strong move after dinner. He asked that Whatley and Stockton be his escorts—an odd request since there was bad blood between them.

Goodnight and Woolfork waited at the designated place the next day but Obenchain failed to appear. Goodnight feared that Obenchain had been killed as Whatley was suspected by some to be a murderer. The two scouts finally left for Camp Colorado and hoped that the Colonel would show up there.

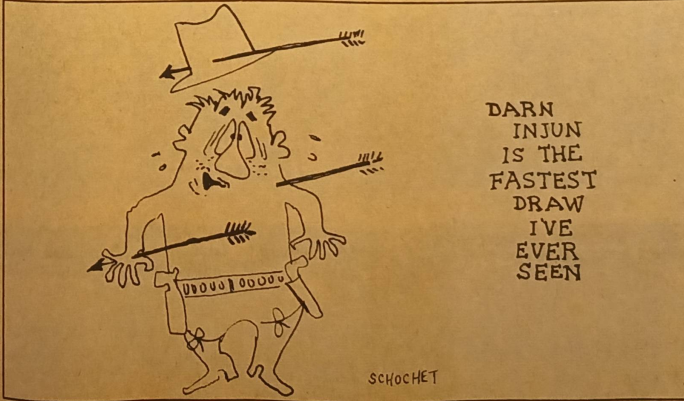
Two soldiers from Camp Colorado were ordered to backtrack to Fort Belknap in search of the Colonel. They could not find a trace of him. Alfred Lane, with a posse, was sent out on the route to Breckenridge. About ten miles from the latter camp buzzards were spotted circling above the prairie. Lane soon found all that was left of Colonel Obenchain. After four days the buzzards had left little to bury. His grave was where the man found him on the prairie, a spot now unmarked and unknown.

The court-martial of Captain Cureton resulted in a suspension of rank and pay for a period of three months, and a reprimand in published regimental orders by the officer commanding the regiment.

A slightly different version of what happened to the Colonel is given in *Young County History and Biography* by Carrie J. Crouch (1937): "The two boys who accompanied the Colonel [to Breckenridge] told this story: While riding along the Colonel asked them what they intended to swear at headquarters, and they replied that they were not yet on the witness stand. The Colonel swore at them, said he knew they were friends of Captain Cureton and that they would tell a 'pack of lies.' He became so consumed with rage that he threatened to put them in chains and not allow them to appear as witnesses. More words passed between them—the Colonel drew his pistol. But the boys never told which one shot the Colonel in the back. The Colonel was buried temporarily, though later his friends had his body exhumed and buried in the camp cemetery.

"At various times a detachment was sent to capture the two boys, but they were always warned. There was not a man around Fort Belknap who would have given them up."

Obenchain passed from the frontier at the age of thirty-eight, unliked, misunderstood, alone and without a friend. He lived in a period of time and in an environment where men were judged by their ability, not their social airs and clothes. Even in his native Virginia his manner would not have been approved. I make this statement with regret, for Colonel A. T. Obenchain was my kinsman.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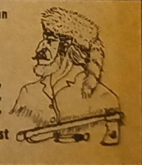

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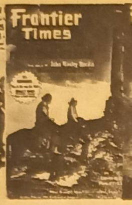
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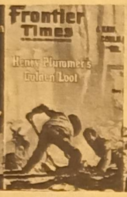
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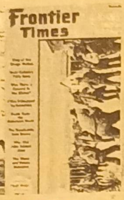
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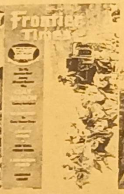
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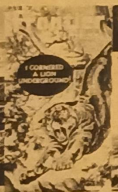
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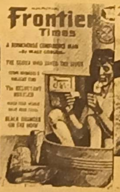
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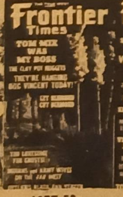
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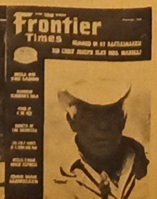
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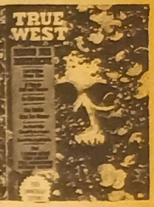
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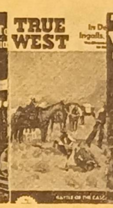
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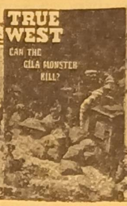
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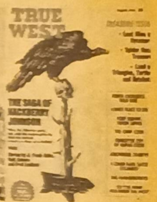
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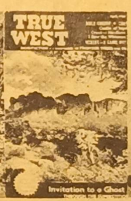
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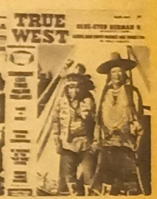
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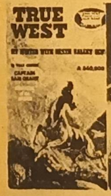
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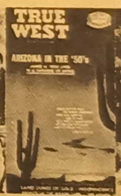
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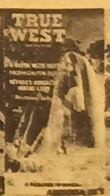
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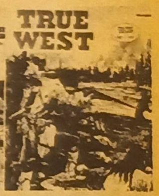
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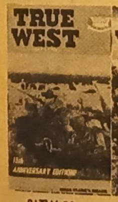
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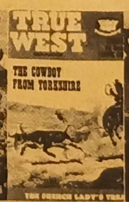
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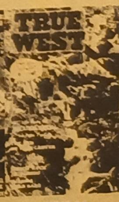
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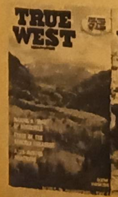
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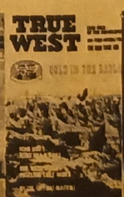
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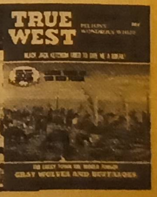
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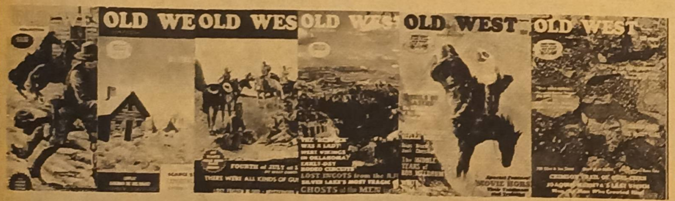

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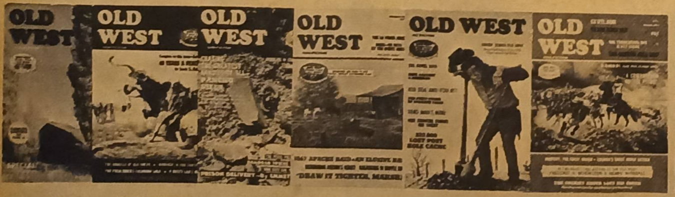

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Homesteading a Waterhole

(Continued from page 49)

reason for going West was to rid my system of a malaria germ and to get some peace and quiet.

The reporting of my fraudulent fence did not fully convince me at first that the real estate man was, as some people said, "so crooked that he couldn't lie straight in a boxcar." But a few days later I did come to that conclusion. He, by some unknown means, became the owner of a pony bearing the U.S.I.D. brand and rode it out to my home, offering it to me at a very reasonable price. I was tempted to buy the pony until I happened to remember that the I.D. stood for Indian Department. However, he explained that the I.D. stood for Idle Devils! I informed him that I knew the meaning of the letters and also knew it was a federal offense for a white person to have possession of anything so branded. I told him that I no longer considered him a friend.

My Indian neighbor had kept his promise and I had the privilege of using a pinto pony as my very own saddle horse. I had bought a small cowboy saddle, a khaki divided skirt and a Sears and Roebuck revolver. When I had trained Pinto to come at my call, so I thought, I put a long rope around its neck and turned it loose in my pasture.

When I had completed the task of making my shack rattlesnake proof, I took a small plane and began the job of smoothing down some of the rough boards. Owing to my awkwardness, I ran a splinter into the palm of my right hand. The splinter yielded to poultices and came out, but an infection remained which threatened blood poisoning. One day I knew I must see a doctor without delay.

My near neighbor was at his harness shop fifteen miles away. The train was probably on its return from Isabel, and would stop at the Junction, but I could not walk that distance in time to catch it. My friend's hired boy was willing to take me in the hack but failed to catch one horse, let alone two. I made a desperate effort to pick up the rope of Pinto, but the little rascal always took a step forward when I stooped to pick up the dragging rope. My only chance was to flag the train and, since I was a fast walker, I made it to the track a few minutes before it began its usual shaking as an indication that it was on the most level space between Isabel and the Junction.

The engineer was angry at having to stop, but after he realized that I was in need of a doctor he became sympathetic and when we arrived at Mobridge, he gave me the name of a doctor. He said he believed I would find him at the hospital.

At the end of the sidewalk I entered a building that had the appearance of being an office, and inquired of a young man, sitting at a desk, if the doctor in charge of the hospital was present.

"I guess the party meant for you to see me, but I didn't know that this office, with a bed in the corner, was known as a 'hospital'," he replied.

I lost no time in exposing my hand. He quickly gripped it in his left hand and with a sharp lance in his right made a deep cut and took out the accumulated mass of poisonous matter. Then he cleansed the opening with a fiery liquid. He gave me some more of the same with directions to apply it whenever I awoke during the night.

By that time the streets were so dark that I was afraid to look around for a room so I made my way back to the railroad station, stretched out on a long bench, and slept the night through. I did give my hand one more treatment before going to an eating house, as restaurants were called.

Since I did not expect the train on which I was to ride back to Junction to give me any notice of its leaving Mobridge, I returned to the station with the expectation of a lonely wait. However, I had two interesting companions. One was a well-dressed young woman patiently waiting for the same train as myself. The other one, wearing a blue silk dress and obviously very nervous, repeatedly left her seat to peer up and down the track. The woman beside me whispered, "Must be an old maid schoolteacher trying her fortune in the far West."

I felt flattered to think that I had so decidedly cast aside my teacher mannerisms in so short a time.

WITHIN a few days the man who sold "the Earth," paid me a visit and showed me a petition from the community requesting that I teach the white and mixed-blood children of the town and country. I accepted the responsibility.

The church building was our school building. Long benches served as seats; some turned-down benches were the desks. A tired and discouraged "Sky Pilot," as the young preacher was called, had left a suitcase organ behind. My dozen pupils were soon singing "South Dakota, Land of Sunshine" to my accompaniment. I sometimes wondered under what circumstances the writer of the song had added the line, "Under God the people rule."

While the children so joyously sang, I thought ironically and also irreverently of a definition of Freedom that had been given to me by a disenchanted homesteader: "Why homesteadin' is hoein' your own row in your own sweet way, for better, for worse. It's even the right to go to hell in your own handbasket." He further stated that in this forsaken country, the Indians were the "haves" while we homesteaders were the "have nots." I did not share his pessimistic view, and tried to keep my pupils free of outside influence.

During the first few weeks of school we had the finest of weather—balmy days and cloudless skies. I especially enjoyed riding Pinto back and forth from my homestead to school. I also had another ride on Sunday. We had Sunday School regardless of the absence of a preacher. We also gave a program or two for the benefit of the school supply committee. Our reward was being given a holiday on a Friday in early November for the purpose of having new seats installed and the windows being made a bit more blizzard proof.

My neighbor and I took the opportunity that Friday to drive her team, hitched to a two-seated hack, into town to replenish our dwindling supply of groceries. Her two small boys went along and sat between us. However—when loading up for our return—I, under a pretext of keeping the groceries from falling out, took the back seat.

I simply leaned back and breathed very deeply until about half-way home and then I noticed that I was having some difficulty inhaling. Even so, I never thought of being alarmed until my friend said, "Take the boys and cover them over with the blanket. We are going to have a blizzard. It may strike before we reach home."

While my neighbor urged the team to a much faster gait, I fairly cuddled the boys in my arms. Snow was sifting close to the ground when we came within sight of my shack, and I sighed with relief. Yet before we had covered half the distance, the snow was on a level with our faces. By the time we reached my neighbor's house my shack was barely visible and it was much, much colder.

The hired boy was standing in the doorway when the horses, heaving and snorting, came to a standstill at the door. He hastily loosened sufficient harness to give them a chance to make it to the barn, which we could not see. The children and our groceries were soon transferred to the front room and locked in while the three of us fairly crept along the side of the house. We stumbled onto the pile of coal and lost no time carrying it into the back room.

My friend, who had spent her entire life on the Dakota prairies except for a few months when she was away at school, grimly announced that with careful rationing we would have heat for three days or possibly four. That statement startled me and when the hired boy began lugging the coal in beside the stove I helped him while the mother put her children to bed without so much as re-

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moving their shoes. She also wrapped all the blankets around them. I guess they were quite cozy for after they had been given some food they fell asleep.

I soon noticed that my friend was very worried about the safety of her husband. It was about time for his arrival, and the last ten miles of his way had no landmarks. Also he was riding a horse recently purchased from a wandering cowboy who, after a few days at the Matador ranch, had moved on. The ranch was abandoned for the winter. She placed a lighted lamp in the window and took her rosary beads from a chest of drawers.

The boy crouched down back of the stove and soon fell asleep. I put a straight-backed chair as close as possible to the stove and the last thing I remember was the worried wife patiently counting the beads. As for myself I did not ask help of a Divine Providence. I reasoned that I, and I alone, was to blame for my critical position and I would take the consequences.

SHORTLY after I woke, I noted that the circle of light in front of the window was a bit larger. Thinking it must be daylight, I suggested the lamp be extinguished.

"A light in the window has saved many people from freezing to death in storms like this," was my answer.

By the end of the second night, I not only shared my friend's anxiety for her husband but also for ourselves—especially when she remarked, "After we have burned the furniture, we will have to make an attempt to get boards from your shack."

But a blizzard usually blows itself out within three days, and sure enough about ten o'clock on November 13 there was a break in the sifting snow and my shack became visible. It was a welcome sight, but nothing like that of my friend's husband sliding from his horse directly in front of the lighted window. He dropped the reins and fairly staggered inside. As he drew close to the dwindling fire, he was immediately shooed away by his wife. She had noticed white spots on both cheeks. Quickly she scooped up a pan of snow, made two snowballs, and applied them to his face.

If the thawing of those two spots was painful, there was no complaint from this man who, in a blinding snowstorm, had flung a blanket about his shoulders, mounted a horse and given it the reins. The horse had never halted until it came to a barn-like building which the Matador cowboys used for off-season calves. In that enclosure man and horse had huddled together for warmth. The horse found some left-over hay and the Canadian-born man knew that as long as the horse had food, heat would be produced for them both.

By the time the man had sufficient visibility to steer the horse to his home the wind had ceased to stir up so much as a handful of snow. The sun came out and revealed a sight that I will never forget. To me it seemed like a glacier had come out of the North and smoothed the surface of the entire prairie before giving it a coat of clear ice. Thus the blizzard of 1911 passed as had many others before it. In this instance it was cattle and horses that suffered instead of the buffaloes of long, long ago.

The day was Sunday. The sunshine was warm, so I did not hesitate to climb into a wagon-box mounted on a sled and go back to the Junction. I had sufficient clothing for an indefinite stay in town and rented an upstairs room in a tarpaper-covered shack of a roominghouse. Snow water for drinking could be had for the asking, and some of the heat from a big stove did make its way upstairs. School went on as usual despite the fact that the drifts changed directions from day to day and the school room was cold.

About a week after the blizzard, I decided to take my neighbor her mail which, owing to her addiction to the "Homesteader's Bible," as we called the Sears and Roebuck catalogue, was piling up to the postmaster's annoyance. I hired a livery stable horse and was almost in sight of my house when one of those close-to-the-ground mists quickly spread upward. I lost sight of my house and all sense of direction. My horse was beginning to flounder in snow much deeper than on the level prairie.

Then I got a glimpse of the roof of a shack which I knew to be on the rim of a deep ravine within a half-mile of my own shack. With a decided pull on the reins I righted my horse and by main strength held the reins so tight that the horse kept to the more level ground. It was almost dark when I by-passed my shack and, to my dismay, there was no sign of life at the home of my neighbor. I put my horse in their barn and went to my own place at which I saw a pile of lignite coal which I had ordered since the blizzard. I had never had any experience starting a fire with that kind of coal. After several futile attempts, I piled all the clothing that I possessed on my bed. Without so much as removing my coat I crawled among the covers and after a time I slept.

The morning sun cleared away the mist and I was back in town in time to eat fried mush for breakfast as usual.

During my absence news had come that on a homestead a few miles farther north, two homestead teachers had frozen to death. On the floor was a partly written letter to one's mother. It explained that just before the blizzard the husband of a friend with whom they had been visiting, had taken them home. When the cold weather set in they discovered that they were without matches. They had lain down and covered themselves with all the clothing and bed clothes they owned. Yet they had not withstood the cold, as was proven by a pencil clasped closely in fingers to conclude the letter. A man had also frozen to death in a car, only a short distance from his home.

DESPITE the blizzard, pupils were punctual. We planned a Christmas program for the parents and any others who cared to visit us. During the week some of the men earned some money by shoveling out a snowbound railroad engine, and part of their hard-earned cash had been spent for booze. A Christmas entertainment at the school was most welcome.

By the time our program was in full swing some of the backseaters were feeling hilarious. After several interruptions, especially by our postmaster (father of two of the pupils), I pulled the curtain and called upon the only man I knew to be sober to dismiss the school. I had given my pupils their Christmas treats at the noon hour, and we had had a very pleasant afternoon. As the last of the children left the schoolroom, I refused a drunken escort and fairly skidded to my room.

Beside the stove in the living room, bare except for a big stove and a dining table or two, sat one of the owners of the building. He was a habitual drinker, but since he was never boisterous I had no fear of him. Yet when I told him that I was going east on that train just pulling into the station if I had to ride in the caboose, I refused his offer to see me safely to the train. However, I did accept a pair of yarn mittens which he took from his pocket and handed me as I once more went out into the frigid weather.

There was no passenger car and the engineer was not in favor of my riding in the caboose, but finally consented with the understanding that I would get off at Mobridge.

From Mobridge I fairly flew to the Crossroads of America and arrived home in time for a nice Christmas dinner. It was served in a *warm* room and I thought how foolhardy I had been to risk my very life in a land that was far from being a "Land of Sunshine."

Nevertheless, with the coming of spring, I returned to my homestead. The lumber dealer, who was an ex-teacher, had completed my school term of six months, and I was glad as there still remained sufficient snow to be on a level with my saddle when I rode Pinto to the Junction.

There had been no train for a month. Horses that had been turned out on the prairies to rustle for themselves had used their hoofs to uncover the grass, and the majority of them had survived. It was different with the cattle; dead cows and steers were quite numerous.

My near neighbor and her two small boys were back home on the range. Her husband and some hired riders were just returning from a three-day roundup of what remained of his herd. He had lost only a few yearlings, but his cattle were sorely in need of hay which was being rationed at the Junction. Two of the riders were so snowblind it was difficult for them to even help with the chores, and they could not be trusted to ride to their homes.

So once more I spent my days with my friend and helped her prepare food for the stranded homesteaders. They enjoyed relating some of the things they, as well as others, had experienced trying to make a living in that dry, inhospitable country.

One of the narrators turned to me and said, "I have been told that you are accustomed to riding far out on the prairies, so I'm warning you to be careful, especially when you approach a bunch of horses."

"I have learned my lesson," I replied and told of a narrow escape I had when my friend's sister and I had volunteered to round up a work team that had broken out of the stable the previous night. I had permitted her to ride Pinto and I saddled up a small stallion kept

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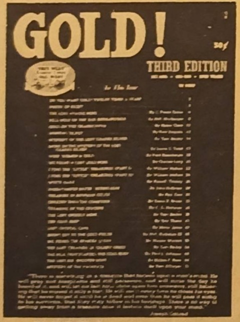

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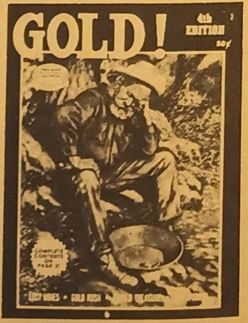

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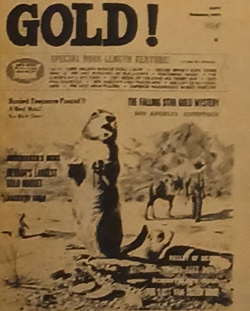

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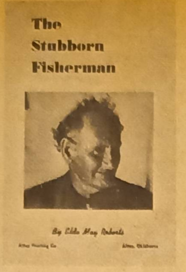

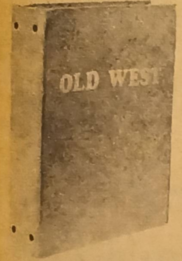

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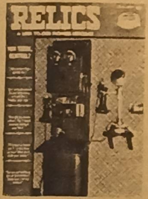

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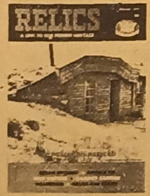

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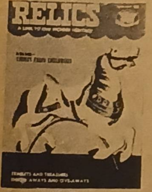

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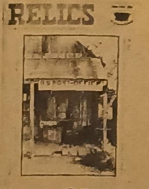

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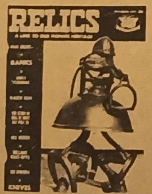

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tied up in the barn. We found the missing mares but in the custody of a large stallion that at our approach gave a terrifying scream. The big monster took his stand between his mares and us. My companion immediately stopped Pinto but my little stallion evidently had recognized the mares of his own stable and, with a snort, sped forward.

Moreover, he did not slacken until he had come almost within striking distance of the big stallion. Then the little horse seemed to realize his danger and as the monster with another fierce screech raised his front feet, my little mount dodged to one side and whirled back toward home.

"You were lucky and I hope you not only ride your own horse from now on but also avoid taking long rides alone," the man said. Then with his broad-brimmed hat pulled low over his forehead, he abruptly left for the corral.

As the two riders rode out onto the road that led to the town of Timber Lake, so named because of a lone tree on the edge of a small body of water, I walked a few rods to my own home—a home in sharp contrast to that I had grown up in. I took a typewriter from my trunk and turned a leaf of my instruction book in preparation for a morning's practice. However, the following morn, I did not remove the cover of the typewriter. Instead, I saddled Pinto and rode far out on the plains. After a few days of riding Pinto, my neighbor informed me that he had other horses that I might ride. I was glad of a change and it was to his benefit when selling a saddle horse to say that it had been ridden by me.

NOT LONG afterward, I learned that the man who had cautioned me about riding was breaking sod for homesteaders, and I gave him the job of breaking five acres and sowing it to flax. This was to prove up on my claim at the end of the required fourteen months.

Thus we became better acquainted and occasionally he rode across the prairie for a brief visit with my neighbors and me. I still considered my near neighbors my best friends, and was glad of the opportunity to accompany them to the August 15 celebration held in the town of Timber Lake. I took my riding skirt and saddle, but used the saddle for a pillow in a tent instead of on a horse. I lent my skirt to my friend's sister and she looked somewhat out of place among the Indian women riders with their legs wrapped in shawls. The biggest attraction was the array of stalwart old Indians dressed as the warriors of only a few years back. In horse races, the young bloods won, but in the tent-setting contest, one of the very oldest squaws won the prize.

On the second day I got a job as counter girl in a bakery with the privilege of returning to my homestead on week ends. My dear neighbor assured me that I could have a horse to ride back and forth. I remember well one Monday morning when I overslept and my friend saddled a small, fast-traveling horse. This horse, it seemed, preferred virgin sod to wagon tracks, and he set his pace at a fast gallop that never slackened during the whole fifteen miles.

My bachelor friend at Timber Lake made frequent calls during my stay at the bake shop and finally proposed marriage. However, I was fairly counting the days until I was free of my responsibility to Uncle Sam regarding the homestead. Hoping to make the time fly faster, I accepted a job of teaching a few Indian children in a log cabin, twenty-five miles distant but located in the yard of an Indian family of good reputation. Their three children, two boys who were former pupils of mine at the Cheyenne Indian Boarding School, and three other Indian children were my only pupils.

The Indian owner of the cabin and his wife had agreed to take me to my homestead on Saturdays. They kept their word but I had had so little time to spend in my shack that on one nice warm November day I let them return without me. About noon on Saturday, I borrowed a rather large horse from my neighbor and, with my revolver in a saddle bag, had soon by-passed the last homestead beyond the town. The only sign of recent occupants was a tub at the side of the door. It contained two or three gallons of water. I managed to neck rein my horse by it and for a time gave the horse its head until I realized that we had not crossed a buffalo ring or the prairie dog town in which the little animals always barked before dodging into their holes. We were probably fifteen miles from Mobridge, but also that many miles from my Indian school. I did not know the distance back to the crossroads which I had absentmindedly permitted my horse to take. I wheeled my horse about, but try as I might to urge him on, he maintained a slow gait. It was almost dark when we reached the road that would take me to school or back to my home.

The horse, and I myself, preferred to take the road home and soon we reached the house beside which was the partly filled tub of water. I was very thirsty, but the horse drank the last drop of water before turning toward a small stack of hay. He jerked the reins so hard that I lost my hold and the bridle fell at my feet.

When my mount stopped at the stack of hay, I circled the small house in hopes of finding an entrance, but there was none. When I made an attempt to replace the bridle my reward was a vigorous shake of the horse's head and some freshly munched hay released in my face. To add to my fears was the belief that a rider I had seen coming from the direction of Mobridge, when my horse and I had reached the turning point of the road, was Big Charlie. He was a mixed breed, more white than Indian, so the saloonkeepers did not hesitate to sell him plenty of whiskey to drink while in town and all he could carry home.

A few poles had been placed upright around the stack of hay. By climbing into the saddle I managed to reach the top of the stack. I dug my way down and with gun in hand spent a sleepless night. At the break of day I quietly placed the bridle upon my horse and by school time I was ready to greet my pupils with a smile.

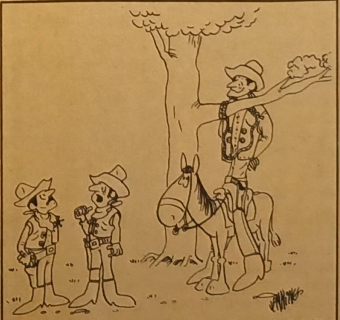
THAT fearsome night in the haystack was the turning point in my life, for I decided that I would accept the marriage proposal. So, via correspondence, we set the date for the day before Thanksgiving. My future husband, in an open-topped buggy pulled by two high-stepping horses, arrived at my boarding place early on that morning. It was his intention to return to our county seat and obtain our license and then have the magistrate of my home town perform the ceremony. However, I preferred a minister rather than the man who sold the Earth.

To please me, he hired a young Indian boy to row us to the opposite bank of the Missouri River to a settlement in which there was a church and a minister. When we reached the opposite side the temperature was rapidly falling, and a thin film of ice was forming over the pathway of boats. And by the time we had obtained a license and found a minister, the Indian youth, with a shrug of his shoulders, said, "Me leave boat and ride train to its crossing of the one time Indian trail."

When the on-coming train whistled for a clearance of the track, Al, my man, drew from his pocket a red handkerchief, which he knew I detested, and stepped beside the boy and at the first wave the passenger train slowed and came to an abrupt stop.

The Indian lad made a quick hop for the rear platform as Albert helped me to the rear door of the only passenger car. It was pitch dark when we reached my home town. I remained in the shadow of the station while my husband brought forth two saddled horses from the livery barn. And as I, with the skill of a cowboy rather than the grace of a bride, lifted my ankle-length, cream-colored frock from the ground we left for my homestead shack.

On Thanksgiving morning my husband made a quick trip to his home and returned with some fryers. Thus, when we sat down to my small table for our Thanksgiving dinner, we had fried chicken and some of the trimmings. I, then for the first time—felt the arm of protection and a willingness to share my homestead with a husband.



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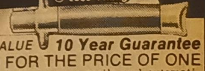

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The Great Western

(Continued from page 39)

ruary 1847. At no time on that first day was the fighting heavy, but at daybreak on the 23rd action was renewed by the Mexicans. That was a day of bloody battle, the outnumbered Americans repulsing attack after attack. Taylor, arms folded, sat astride his white horse, drenched by the afternoon's rain, silently watching the tide of battle. Even when enemy fire pierced his coat, he refused to retire.

Some time before, the women had set up a sort of medical station to care for the wounded. During the two days of fighting, the Great Western worked tirelessly bringing in the wounded from the battlefield. She would pick up an injured soldier in her mighty arms as though he were a child, and carry him back beyond the line to be cared for.

ON THE SECOND DAY of the battle the Indiana Volunteers, a regiment newly assigned to Taylor and made up of raw troops not sufficiently steady or disciplined, broke and ran under the murderous fire of the enemy, shouting that the Americans were defeated. Years later, one who was there that day said that one volunteer ran so fast the men of the Mexican cavalry were unable to overtake him. After a chase of several hundred yards, the Mexicans reined in their horses, one of them shouting that it was no use to run that fellow any longer, they couldn't catch him; it was even said the retreating Hoosier passed a jackrabbit as though the rabbit were standing still.

But the panicked volunteers chose the wrong line of retreat. Nobody was going to run out on Old Rough and Ready, not while the Great Western had her strength! She met the first of the frightened, fleeing men with a blow from her enormous fist, knocking him to the ground, then ordering him to get back to his post before she beat him to death. In her own choice vocabulary she informed him that there weren't enough Mexicans in the world to beat old Taylor. Thus the Great Western broke the rout—better to face the entire Mexican army than the wrath of that woman!

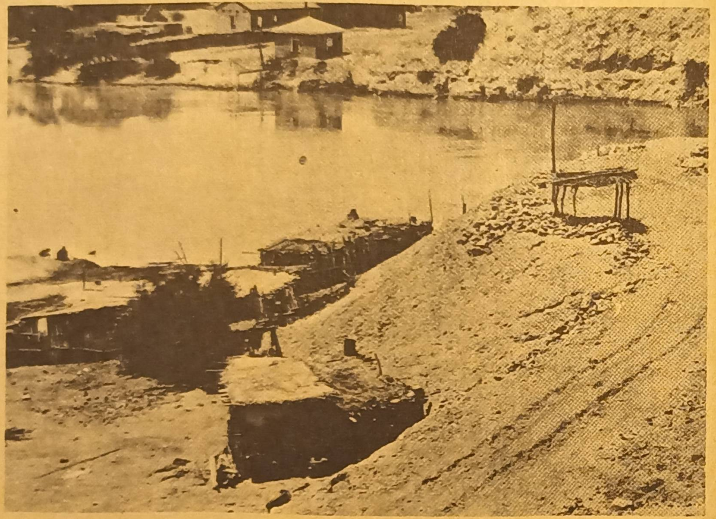
After the war was ended in Mexico, a detachment of dragoons was ordered to California, marching from Coahuila in August 1848 under the command of Brevet Major Lawrence P. Graham. The Great Western attached herself to this group but because of new army regulations stating the only women who could accompany the military were those going with their husbands, it may have been necessary for Sarah to acquire a husband before starting this march. She probably could have had her choice of any man in the outfit.

Despite her rugged physique, however, she was stricken with an illness so serious that when Graham's dragoons departed Chihuahua at the beginning of September, the Great Western was unable to accompany them and had to be left behind.

THE DISCOVERY of gold at Sutter's Mill in California aroused a nationwide desire to open up communication with the West Coast. Major General Worth, commanding the Eighth Military Department, sent out two expeditions to explore routes for a wagon road between San Antonio and El Paso. One expedition was under Major Robert S. Neighbors; the other, along a more southerly route, was under the command of Lieutenant William H. C. Whiting of the Army Topographical Engineers.

Lieutenant Whiting and his party reached Ponce's Ranch, near the site of modern-day El Paso, on Thursday, April 12, 1849, having suffered great hardships and near starvation en route. Whiting wrote in his journal, that date:

"As I went down in the evening with Lieutenant Smith and Howard to cross to El Paso, the first person we met . . . was the celebrated Great Western. Never was anyone more delighted at the sight of American officers than she appeared. Her masculine arms lifted us one after another off our feet. Left sick at Chihuahua by Major Graham's command on its way from Saltillo to California, she had since passed through much privation, suffering and hardship. She was now about moving to the American side to await the arrival of the army."



Courtesy California State Library

Fort Yuma as seen from Yuma City.

Major Neighbor's expedition reached El Paso on May 2, twenty days after Lieutenant Whiting's arrival, and recorded that on the American side of the Rio Grande, "an American woman known as the Great Western kept a hotel."

Rip Ford, of Texas Ranger fame, and also a Forty-Niner, wrote of Sarah, "She had the reputation of being something of the roughest fighter on the Rio Grande; and was approached in a polite, if not humble, manner by all of us—the writer in particular." Ford also said that the Great Western was recalled with gratitude by many of the thousands of Forty-Niners who passed through El Paso, because she treated them with great kindness.

Whether she accompanied a military command from El Paso or came with a party of emigrants is not known; in any event, the year 1852 found the Great Western at Fort Yuma on the Colorado River. That end-of-nowhere post had been established by, and was then under the command of, Major Samuel P. Heintzelman. He, too, had served under Old Rough and Ready in Mexico. Remembering the Great Western's many diversified talents, the major put her in charge of the officers' mess. More than one traveler through the deserts of Arizona and California in the 1850s stopped over at Fort Yuma and left a written record of the pleasure afforded them by the Great Western's cooking. One of these travelers was Charles D. Poston, the "Father of Arizona," who partook of Major Heintzelman's hospitality when he stopped there in 1854 on his return to California from a prospecting trip through southern Arizona.

With good reason Fort Yuma was the most hated post in all the West. Officers used every possible strategem to avoid assignment there. Despite the brutal punishments inflicted upon deserters if caught—and they almost always were caught—desertion by enlisted men was a common occurrence. The heat and the isolation drove men almost to the point of madness. Scurvy was a common complaint; fresh provisions were well nigh impossible to obtain. Even the Great Western complained that Fort Yuma was the hardest place to obtain supplies she had ever seen. One passer-through, Captain James Hobbs, made her a present of a whole beef from his herd.

JUST WHEN and where the marriage ceremony was performed has not been ascertained, but sometime prior to 1860

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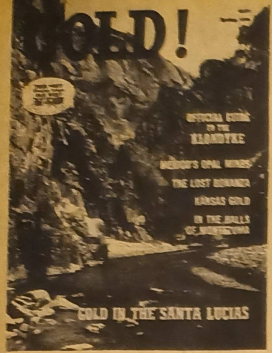

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the Great Western became Mrs. Alfred Bowman. Bowman was a native of Germany and the Great Western's junior by fifteen years. Perhaps he was the fortunate man chosen by Sarah Burdette so that she could march with Graham's dragoons back in 1848, but that is conjectural.

In 1853 the Great Western set up a claim, albeit a rather dubious one, under a Mexican alcalde grant to the site of the present town of Yuma, Arizona. It was the Great Western who erected the first permanent building there, across the river from the fort, on the southwest corner of Main and First Streets. In this small adobe structure Sarah Bowman operated Yuma's first restaurant. The building was swept away by a disastrous flood that wiped out practically all of the town a few years later; but before that happened she had sold the property, sometime in 1856, to George F. Hooper and George McKinstry, who had come to Fort Yuma in 1852 as sutlers for the troops stationed there. Fort Yuma and its environs remained the Great Western's home for the rest of her life, with the possible exception of a brief period during the late 1850s.

Sarah died in Yuma on December 23, 1866, at the age of fifty-three. With all the honors due a veteran soldier she was buried in the desolate hillside cemetery at Fort Yuma. Many years later her remains were exhumed, transported to San Francisco, and in September 1890 were reinterred in the San Francisco National Cemetery, in Section PPES, Grave No. 55, at the Presidio. The simple inscription on the headstone marking the Great Western's final resting place reads:

MRS. SARAH A. BOWMAN
December 23, 1866

A Yuma newspaper, the *Arizona Sentinel*, in its issue of September 13, 1890, carried a story about Mrs. Bowman, remarking that she had been a woman of kind heart and great bravery. Upon that everyone is agreed—beyond that the Great Western's life is one never likely to be known in full. There is not even general agreement on her name.

Monument for a Sheriff

(Continued from page 21)

has only about 26,000 residents even today.

Soon after the discovery of gold in California, Grass Valley and Nevada City were burgeoning boom towns lying five miles apart in the Sierra foothills. Nevada City, the county seat, was once the third largest town in the state.

However, 1896 wasn't 1849. The main industry was still gold but now the sons of the 49ers worked the mines for the companies that emerged to buy up their fathers' first scratchings in the gold-rich earth. Law and order had arrived, along with the electric light and telephone. Miners no longer were colorful figures in floppy hats, wearing pistols and carrying gold pans. They now worked regular shifts and wore carbide lamps and carried lunch buckets.

One thing had not changed, however; there was still a great deal of wealth about, and the remoteness of the area made banditry easy and tempting. So it wasn't too unusual when the first of a series of holdups occurred on July 14, 1896.

IT HAPPENED about ten in the morning on the North San Juan road, three miles north of Nevada City. Thomas Gibson, a San Francisco detective, and his friend Charles Sladky had their buggy stopped by a man carrying a Winchester rifle.

When Gibson was told to raise his hands, the detective explained matter of factly that if he let go of the reins the horse would walk away. This seemed reasonable, so the bandit made Sladky stand and empty his pockets. He then had him sit back down and take the reins from Gibson. Next he made Gibson stand and deliver.

The outlaw and Gibson soon got into a disagreement over Sladky's fine gold watch, Gibson arguing that it was a gift from a friend and, besides, it would be awfully easy to trace. Perhaps the big city law officer felt a little put out at being held up by a backwoods bandit.

As the two men debated the fine points of sentiment versus outlawry, a second buggy approached from the other direction and the highwayman ordered Gibson and Sladky on, the latter still clutching his watch.

The second buggy was occupied by Robert Latta and P. J. Peters. They had no money and the bandit told them to move on. As they rode along they met John Moulton on horseback and warned him. Moulton had considerable money on him so he turned off the road and waited in an orchard.

Next, two ladies from North San Juan rode by in a buggy and Moulton told them of the danger ahead. The women secured their valuables about the buggy, as did Moulton, and the three continued on together toward the holdup site. By this time, however, the bandit had left.

Gibson reported the holdup and gave a good description: medium height and build, brown hair, blue eyes and a sandy mustache. The bandit hadn't bothered with a mask. He was dressed in trousers, vest, striped shirt and a white hat; he was also $90 richer for having stopped Gibson and Sladky. Douglass immediately left in pursuit but returned empty-handed.

Later the same day, Joe Waters was held up between Sweetland and Buckeye Hill, a few miles from the earlier robbery site. The bandit called Joe by name and, after relieving him of $31, tossed fifty cents back, remarking that he didn't like to see a man broke.

FROM THAT TIME ON the road agent was hard at work. Three days later, William Engle, driving a freight wagon with an eight-horse team, came upon a man walking along the road near Lake City, about thirteen miles east of Nevada City. As they came abreast of each other a .38 Colt's revolver flashed into the man's hand and he barked, "Throw out your money and be damned quick about it!"

Engle threw out to the tune of $14. Again, the holdup man wore no mask, and he matched the description given by Gibson. Deputy Sheriff James Neagle went out with a bloodhound but too many people had trampled around for the dog to pick up a good scent.

On the 18th Walter Selpar, a vegetable peddler traveling along the Lake City-Columbia Hill road, suddenly found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver. The view cost him $30.

By then, several of the local papers had begun to criticize the sheriff for his inability to catch the robber. There was also talk of the holdup man having an accomplice who stayed out of sight.

A man named Max Isoard claimed he, too, had been commanded, "Throw out your money!" Always ready for a fight, Max whipped out a .38 revolver instead, but the bandit's gun came up faster and Max found himself relieved of his .38, though not his life.

More reports on the bandit's activities came in. A salesman from San Francisco, B. Lichtig, was driving near French Corral, about twenty miles from Nevada City, when he was ordered to stop. Riding with Lichtig was a local youngster and, at the bandit's command to halt, the boy used the whip. The horse, buggy, drummer and boy went careening down the road and away from the disappointed bandit who didn't attempt to overtake them.

Henry Kirchberger, a miner living near the old Nevada City Mine, reported that the robber and a companion had tried to break into his cabin one night. A blast from Henry's shotgun discouraged them though they hung around and out of range for several hours.

William Berry said he was held up on the 25th, and a farmer remembered that earlier in the month he had had a shotgun stolen by a drifter who stayed overnight. The drifter then went to the next farm and, when no one was looking, swapped the shotgun for a rifle.

The sheriff redoubled his efforts to catch the outlaw.

ON JULY 25, a Saturday, Douglass was scouting around the Wells Milk Ranch a few miles north of Nevada City. He had tied his horse some distance away and was on foot when he spotted the bandit. The sheriff ran to a nearby road and stopped a passing rider. Borrowing the horse, he sped after the outlaw. Though an excellent shot, Douglass was able to fire only once before the man was lost in the heavy brush.

The next day about noon the sheriff went to a stable and had his horse hitched to a buggy. He'd received information from Della Wells of the Wells Ranch that led him to believe the bandit might be staying in the vicinity of Cold Spring, not far from where he had been seen the day before. As Sheriff Douglass rode out of town, "Jack," a dog belonging to a friend, tagged along behind the buggy. From this point on we can only speculate concerning the ambush and death of a dedicated lawman.

The sheriff drove to the top of Sugar Loaf Hill near the forks of North San Juan and Blue Tent roads. Getting down he tied his horse and started searching along the road. There were tracks of two men walking together and, realizing the tracks were fresh, Douglass drew his pistol, a long-barreled Colt's .44, and followed into the dense underbrush. Carefully he worked his way toward a small clearing about 150 feet across. He moved slowly to keep from making any noise in the dry leaves and twigs.

Coming to the edge of the clearing, he spotted the outlaw off to one side, a Winchester rifle in his hands. Douglass stepped into the open space and covered the man with his revolver.

Suddenly the outlaw moved. The Winchester swung around toward Douglass as the heavy pistol bucked in his hand and the crash of the shot echoed in the little clearing. At a range close enough to cause powder burns, the sheriff thumbed off two more shots as the outlaw, hit twice and mortally wounded, fell, his rifle still unfired.

THE GUNFIGHT didn't go unnoticed. A Mr. Dean who lived nearby heard the shots but decided not to investigate. Around four that afternoon, the dog Jack returned to town, alone.

Deputy Pascoe, son of the former sheriff, was worried over Douglass' failure to return. About five o'clock—soon after daybreak—he left to search for him. Later in the morning H. D. Towle came into town to report that a horse and buggy had been tied near his place since the previous afternoon. Deputies Neagle and McGrath quickly saddled up and left for Towle's place near Sugar Loaf Hill.

Finding the horse and buggy, the deputies soon located the footprints Douglass had followed. They followed them and those of the sheriff until McGrath, in the lead, came upon the body of the dead bandit. He lay face up, eyes closed, with his coat folded neatly under his head. At first the deputy thought he was asleep.

Dismounting and drawing his gun, he was approaching the dead outlaw when he noticed the body of Sheriff Douglass lying face down a short distance away.

The news of the second killing of a sheriff in three years created a furor in Nevada City and Grass Valley. Standing in the crowd that gathered when the sheriff's body was brought in that July 27, was a ten-year-old boy named Jack Bassett. He watched in wide-eyed curiosity as the throng pushed and strained to see, and he heard the muffled talk and heated curses of men who had known and respected Sheriff Douglass. Today, at eighty-six, he still remembers the confusion and excitement of that day.

"It sure caused one hell of an uproar in town," he recalls. "Posses rode out to search for the killer and they sent trackers to look for his trail."

Information started coming in from people who had fed the bandit and furnished him lodging without suspecting who he was. Others recalled seeing

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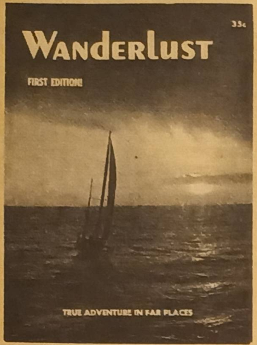

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him with a heavy-set, stoop-shouldered man.

The dead outlaw was finally identified by a man he had worked for prior to taking up his newest and final trade. The name he used was C. Meyers.

After extensive investigation it was determined that a third man, the companion of the outlaw, had been below the sheriff and out of sight. After Meyers was shot, this man, perhaps without realizing his friend was dead, opened up on Douglass with a .44 calibre rifle, from about 45 feet away. One shot hit the sheriff in the back, one disabled his right hand, and a third went through his hat.

The killer then went through the pockets of both men and apparently folded the dead outlaw's coat and placed it under his head. He then fled, taking his friend's pistol with him.

While reports of this third man were investigated, no trace of him ever was found other than a few .44 cartridges and casings left at the site of the shootings.

OUT OF RESPECT for the slain sheriff, business houses in both towns closed on July 29, the day of Douglass' funeral. Services were held at the armory near Nevada City to accommodate the crowd of mourners. Over 300 men and 70 vehicles made up the funeral procession.

A local newspaper, *The Union*, started a fund for a memorial to the sheriff and money was collected for this end. But it wasn't until forty years later, in 1936, that monuments were finally placed on the spot where Meyers and Douglass fell. Sparked by Dr. C. W. Chapman, the man responsible for the Donner Party monument at Donner Lake, California, the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West and the California Peace Officers Association placed markers of native stone at the location of the gunfight.

One boulder lies lengthwise where the body of Meyers was found and the other stands upright over the place where the sheriff died. The small clearing, about two miles north of Nevada City, is still there, its silent, grey stones standing sentry. Meyers and Sheriff Douglass were buried in the Pine Grove Cemetery on the other side of town.

Only one man knows for sure what exactly took place in the clearing that day and there is little reason to suppose he would still be alive after seventy-five years. But wherever he is, it's unlikely he has a monument to his memory that could rival the one of his dead companion or the one erected to Sheriff David Douglass, the man who went after both of them, singlehanded.

Finn Had His Own Special Touch!

(Continued from page 28)

J. Maurice Finn

with a full basement and twenty-six rooms. Teddy remarked that he hadn't expected to find such a palace in the gold camp and praised the mansion highly, much to Finn's pleasure. But, alas, Teddy could only spend a few hours in the camp and had to leave before nightfall. So the Roosevelt Room was never slept in by the celebrated visitor. Later, because the upkeep on the mansion was so terrific, Finn himself said the house was "a monument to a damn fool," and the townspeople dubbed it Finn's Folly. Finn's legal ability was anything but folly, however, and the Brooks case is highly illustrative of this fact.

It was in March, 1901 that Brooks was brought to trial and three days before court convened, Dr. Sanders dutifully presented the skull to the district attorney. He pointed out the cracks in it, the huge dent at the point of impact with the pistol butt, and suggested that the skull could no doubt be used as evidence against the alleged murderer.

The district attorney took the bait and at the trial produced the skull of Roberts as Exhibit A for the state. That was all Finn had been waiting for. A masterful orator and an inveterate showman, he based his case solely on the "fact" that if Roberts had had a normal human skull, like normal human beings, he would not have died from Brooks' blow. After his impassioned eight-hour plea to the jury, other lawyers who had been watching the trial were offering odds that Finn would get Brooks off on a verdict of manslaughter.

The jury was out for two days and two nights at ten for acquittal and two for conviction of murder, but they brought back a verdict of acquittal and Brooks was a free man.

The verdict didn't sit well with the mining camp's residents, however, and a vigilance committee was quickly formed to drag Brooks from the calaboose and hang him. Receiving word of the lynching party, Finn hastily summoned the sheriff and asked for help to prevent the lynching. The sheriff deputized twenty-five men and they marched Brooks to the Midland Terminal depot where a passenger train was ready to depart. Brooks headed for the West Coast, post-haste, and settled in Seattle.

FINN WENT ON TO greater glory as one of Colorado's most distinguished attorneys. He was a fast thinker on his feet and an artful orator. But never, before or after, did he influence a jury as much as he did during Brooks' trial for murdering Roberts. That long, eight-hour harangue was a masterpiece of persuasion.

Finn, who also maintained law offices in Denver, later moved there. But he still kept up his law practice in Teller County, and a few days before his death in 1909 at age fifty-two, he had been appointed city attorney of Cripple Creek. After his demise the house that had come to be called Finn's Folly was neglected by the family, and a man named Starkwether bought the famous landmark for taxes and dismantled it.

Contrary to popular belief, the house was not rebuilt in Denver, though Starkwether did use the woodwork, the stairway and stained glass windows in a house he built at 8650 West Colfax in Denver.

There are many more legends about the flamboyant lawyer Finn, all of which reaffirm his dedication to his clients. Even on his deathbed, he continued to plead for a man who had been convicted for murder, but whom Finn believed to be innocent. Finn had been fighting for this man for six years on his own time and money, and would have continued the fight had he lived.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 4)

had been killed by American soldiers. I asked McKinstry about that and he said he had heard that, too. But that was done by Arkies, National Guardsmen from Arkansas, for reprisals done to Yankees. Drannan also claimed to have killed four Mexican robbers who had been bragging about the number of Yankees they had killed and they had the ears of their victims in their pockets. One of them claimed Drannan's ears, but then his horse happened to whinny. That instant Drannan pulled both .45 guns out of their holsters while they were standing up to look who was coming. Drannan also claimed that he got them both while they were standing and he shot the other two while sitting down, when they had their guns only half-way out of their holsters.

I would say it is possible that he had been associated with Kit Carson without Carson having mentioned it. The Carson stories were known before the Civil War, but the Drannan stories did not appear before 1890. Drannan also claims to have sent the ears he had mentioned to his commanding officer with his report. Oh no, he kept his own.

Drannan also said that as soon as he met the Mexicans they asked him in Spanish if he could understand their language and he shook his head. But he claimed in his book that he could speak the Spanish language as well as those Mexicans.—Albert Enzmann, 6124 Greenwood Drive, Paradise, Cailfornia 95969

Sadie Bloomer's Death

Relative to the Spring 1966 issue of OLD WEST, the story "The Sadie Bloomer Affair," my neighbor was a sister-in-law of Sadie Bloomer. Her name is Lenora Bloomer. She received a clipping from a newspaper that "Sara Isbell Bloomer" Yeakley died February 28, 1972 at the age of eighty-five years. She was survived by one daughter, a granddaughter, a great granddaughter and four sisters. She was living at Ft. Scott, Kansas at the time of her death and was buried at the Girard Cemetery.—LeRoy Drumheller, Sr., Box 404, Pismo Beach, California 93449

Remembers Dan Ming

The name Dan Ming mentioned in the story "Bloody Night on the Gila," in your Summer 1972 issue of OLD WEST revived memories.

In the summer of 1916 I was a member of the Second Battalion, First Arizona Infantry in federal service stationed at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. At that time Mr. Ming was living at Fort Huachuca. I believe he was employed in some capacity by the army. He had a little store in a half dugout near the camp of the Second Battalion. He was a very large man—all bone and muscle. His voice could well be described as booming and he had a big spade beard. His nickname "Big Ming" was most descriptive.

I visited him many times in his little store and listened to his accounts of early days in Arizona. I wish I could remember them better. Captain Ming, a son of Big Ming, commanded the Machine Gun Company, First Arizona Infantry. Later he was commissioned in the regular army. At the beginning of World War II he commanded the Field Artillery Replacement Center, Fort Bragg, North Carolina.—Emmett DeHoff, Bird City, Kansas 67731

Colorado Bandit Chase

"Two Bachelors and a Lighthouse" in the Spring 1972 OLD WEST certainly awakened a stream of memories for me.

Some time before the start of World War I, the Joseph Dostel property, known as the JOD ranch, at Aroya, Colorado was purchased by Mr. Schilling of the Schilling Spice Company, who went in for raising fancy show stock.

Schilling and his stock were half of the show at the county fair held at Cheyenne Wells each summer. He was a typical southern colonel, complete with precisely trimmed goatee, riding breeches and boots, and a heavy cane. At the fair he was nearly always trailed by a wide-eyed gaping group of small boys dressed in the best new blue bib overalls.

I especially remember three Duroc Jersey hogs which he showed each year—two sows that weighed over 500 pounds each, and a boar that tipped the scales at well over a thousand pounds. He also

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•
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•
GEM STONES
•
TOKENS
•
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had a herd of prizewinning Herefords and a stable of fancy horses.

One year pig clubs were organized among the school children and Schilling offered weaner pigs to the club members for $10 each. Late in the spring a date was set and people from miles around converged on the JOD ranch for expert advice on hog culture and for the boys to pick up their pigs. My uncle took my brother and me. It was a beautiful day and movies were taken of the gala occasion.

When we were about halfway home we ran into a late spring blizzard. My uncle had to open the windshield on his Chevrolet 490 touring car in order to see the road. The snow swept in over the sloping upper section of the windshield and scooted along the underside of the top, just above the heads of my uncle and aunt in the front seat, and came down on my brother and me in the back seat like straw from a threshing machine blower. A freight train passed us. How I envied the trainmen in that cab over the head of the boiler!

After the close of World War I, a great many farmers who had done well in wheat farther east during the war, moved into the buffalo grass country and planned to make a fortune on wheat raised on cheap land. The implement companies started to mass produce tractors, and the stage was set to produce the horror later known as the "Dust Bowl."

Hardly a train came through without several cars of tractors on it. There was usually a car standing on our local siding being unloaded. In the spring evenings, from almost anywhere you might be, if you listened you could hear the *tum, tum, tum* of two or more tractors as they turned over ribbons of buffalo grass and left a vast expanse of black soil which in the fall would be seeded to winter wheat.

The first crop was a moderate success and sold for a good price. This brought more Easterners with money burning holes in their pockets. A third of the prairie grass from Montana to Texas was turned under to make a seed bed for wheat.

The second year the rainfall was scant and the price of wheat started to drop. A few disillusioned Easterners pulled out, but there were new ones to take their places, and more grass was turned under. For a few years some diehards held on and tried to recoup their losses but most of them went on to greener pastures or back to where they came from.

I left that country in the fall of 1924 before the drought came and the winds carried that upturned sod to places far and wide. I was back during the winter of 1929-30. During that time I missed, by minutes, being in the middle of the shoot-out between Sheriff Duncan Coe and Marshal George Holingshead and a pair of bandits who had robbed a bank in Kansas and later shot the sheriff at Eades, Colorado. The bandits cut across country from Eades to Kit Carson and then headed east again.

Coe and Hollingshead, with a driver whose name I do not remember, went out to intercept them. They met on the eastern slope of First View Hill (the point farthest east from which Pikes Peak can be seen). The officers turned and set out in pursuit.

That is about the time I came on the scene. I was driving west on First View Hill and I met a strange car. About a hundred yards farther on I met Coe and Holingshead, coming at a fast clip. A short distance farther on I met the telephone company pickup.

When I got back to Cheyenne Wells an hour or two later I heard this story: The bandits stopped in a deep dip in the highway and opened fire as the pursuing car came over the rise about 200 feet away. They shot out the windshield and put a bullet through the cowl just ahead of the steering post.

Coe hit the highway with his rifle at his shoulder and received a bullet through the thigh which shattered the bone and tore out most of the thigh muscle. Holingshead flattened himself behind a fence post and received a bullet through the upper part of the left arm, but was able to fire three shots with his revolver at the bandits as they took over the officers' car and sped away.

I can still see the horrified look on the driver's face as he told of lying behind some weeds while one bandit pumped three shots at him with a rifle, one of which went through the shoulder of his coat.

Just as the bandits sped away in the officers' car the telephone company pickup came into the dip. The lineman climbed a pole and called in a report of what had happened. The "Central" girl opened her window and shouted the news into the street before the speeding car came into sight.

One citizen, Charley Schmeckpepper, had the foresight to park his truck across the railroad crossing at the lower end of town. He was just leaving the truck when the bandits sped up to the crossing, swerved around the truck, crossed the track over the unprotected rails and blew a tire.

The bandits limped along another twenty miles or more back into the edge of Kansas. There they came upon a pair of farm boys hunting rabbits. They changed cars again, went into town, filled the gas tank at a service station and went on. They were barely out of town when the farm boys came in and reported the encounter. Late that night they were captured after changing cars one or two more times. They were returned to Colorado and convicted on a murder charge.

Some weeks after the shoot-out I was assigned the job of repairing the sheriff's car. I found one of Holingshead's bullets lodged in the upholstery of the back seat. I still have it, a windshield fragment, and some slivers of wood which I took from the car.—Morris N. Adams, Malott, Washington 98829

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SEE PAGE 45

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

Tom Harp's son, Homer. He was last heard of in Davis, Oklahoma. His mother was Bell Hudson. After Tom died, Bell married a Clifford Dunn. Homer Harp served in World War I at the age of sixteen. Any information about these people will be appreciated.—M. I. Harp, 16182 West 13th Avenue, Golden, Colorado 80401

Alfred

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of "Slim" Charles Alfred, please let me know. Has traveled with carnivals, does tattooing. At one time was with Barnum and Bailey Circus. He is my father whom I have never seen. He left Ohio in 1931 on the B & O Railroad to come West.—Pamela Alsey, 835 El Dorado, Chico, California 95926

Beight-Beights

Great-grandfather Michel Beight (1810) had two families. First wife Susen Alrick bore him nine children—four born in Ohio and five in Noble County, Indiana.

His second wife, Mrs. Mary (Greer) Jackson (1842), Kentucky, had four children, three born in Indiana and the last child in Missouri. My grandfather, Andrew J. Beight, was the only son in the second family. Michel came to Stoddard County, Missouri around 1877.

I would certainly like to hear from any of the descendants of both families. Will exchange information. Children from the first family are: Jonathan (1836); Leah (1838); Harv (1840); Elizabeth (Dice); Louisa (Dressler); Sophis (Miller); Rebecca (1854); and Fred (1857).

Children of the second family are: Matila E., and Rebecca J. Jackson, half-sisters to my grandfather. Emma L. J. (Moore); Andrew J.; Alice M. (Slickers); and Dora Anna.

The spelling changed after the family moved to Missouri with the "s" added, but the family in Indiana and Ohio kept the old spelling. Were Samuel and John, Michel's brothers? These three men came from Ohio and settled in Noble County, Indiana at the same time.—Ruby Beights Whitfield, 2031 Ellis Street, Modesto, California 95351

Shepherd-McComas

I would deeply appreciate hearing from anyone who could tell me anything about the following people or any of their ancestors. I am hoping to find where my great-grandfather, John Shepherd born in 1803 in Kentucky, and wife Tennessee (McComas) Shepherd born in 1817 in Ohio, were buried and perhaps hear from any descendant of their children. My grandfather, Benjamin Franklin Shepherd, was the oldest child. He was born in Illinois in 1834 or around that time. Others were Lydia, Jane, Emaline, Mary, Isabella, John, and Julia who married John Lawrence, a railroad detective for Burns Detective Agency. There may have been others but the last records I can find on John and Tennessee were in Whiteside County, Illinois in the 1850 U. S. Census. That census shows all their children born in Illinois. Tennessee was only thirty-three in 1850 and may have had other children—Earl Shepherd, 1003 Grand Avenue, Poplar Bluff, Missouri 63901

Hoskins

Can anyone tell me in what county of the Texas Panhandle Baker Blount Hoskins ranched about 1880-1887? His brand was HX on the left hip, but don't know if he owned land. At times he was "stationed" at Doan's Crossing, Wilbarger County to help cut out the cattle that did not belong with herds about to cross the Red River. Did the Cattlemen's Association hire men to do this? I'd appreciate any clues, as I wish to write the biography of my grandfather.—Mrs. Helen Hoskins Rugeley, 2202 West 10th Street, Austin, Texas 78703

Dawson-Givens

John Henry, Hiram, Sam, Elbert, Rose Ellen, George F., and Buddy were children of John and Polly Dawson. In 1880 they were living on farms near Belton, Bell County, Texas in what was locally known as the Dog Ridge Community. (This was shown in the 1880 census as Dawsonville Post Office.)

John Henry continued in this area until his death in 1924. He raised a family, some of whom still live in Belton. All the rest of the children moved to other places and contact with them has been lost.

I am a grandson of John Henry and would very much like to hear from any descendants of his brothers and sister. Would also like information on Isaac Givens. After the Civil War he left his family and kin for parts unknown. He was not heard from until about the turn of the century when he wrote from Silver City, New Mexico stating that he had found a wealthy silver mine and wanted all his folks to come to see him as he had plenty for all. However, before pulling up stakes in Arkansas his folks made some inquiries and found that someone else had obtained title to the mine somehow and left Isaac penniless. He was not heard from again. It is claimed that this is how Silver City, New Mexico got its name.

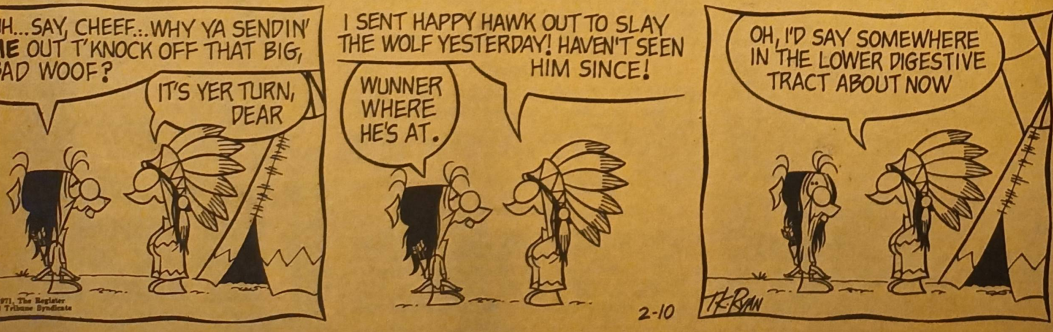
Can anyone confirm this or shed any light on what became of Isaac (Ike) Givens? It is possible he was known by a name other than Givens.—Thomas Lester Dawson, 5624 N. Schilder Drive, Ft. Worth, Texas 76114

Wood-Barnes-Singletary

I would like information on the Lawrence Wood family who lived in Brownwood, Texas in 1896. There were daughters Katie, Lizzie and Sally, and sons Joe, Ned, and Frank. Lawrence's brother was Thomas Wood. They were from Georgia. There was also a brother, Joseph, who lived in San Augustine County, Texas and died on his way home from the Civil War. I believe they had a sister, Susan Singletary, and one named Frances.

Would also like to have information on J. E. and Adeline Wood Barnes who went to Eastland County, Texas and lived near Rising Star. They were the parents of twelve children.—Jewel W. Dulany, Route 3, Box 41F, Minden, Louisiana 71055

TUMBLEWEEDS -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- -:- —by Tom K. Ryan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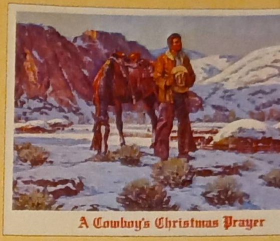

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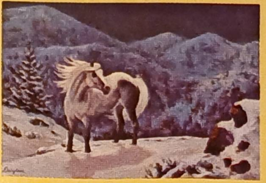

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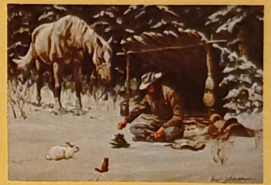

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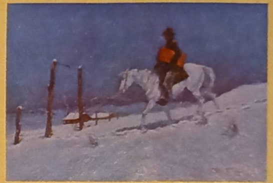

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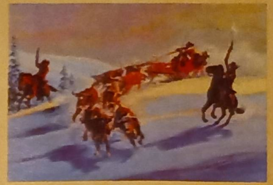

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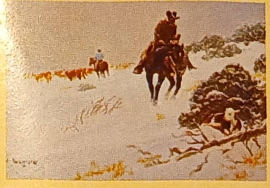

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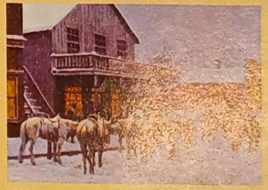

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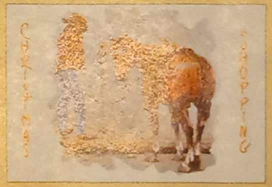

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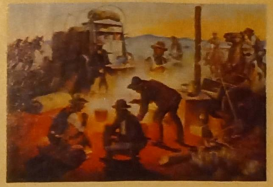

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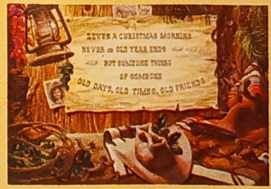

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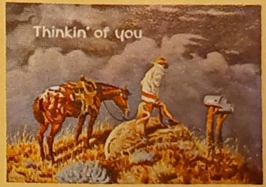

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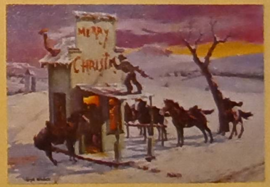

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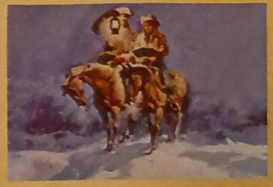

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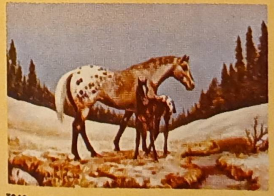

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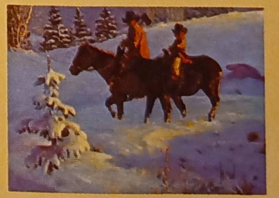

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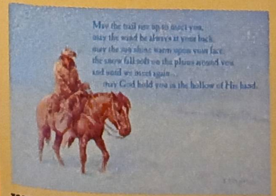

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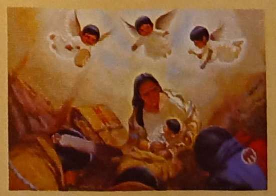

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